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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Spent copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Perry Jeffry, Jr., President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TRUST, No. 14, Knights of Macdonald—George J. Wilson, Commander; Charles H. Randall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 870, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Hawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBORNE LODGE, No. 61, N. E. O. P.—W. Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Elburna—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Little G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Callaghan, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain, William H. Langley; Evelyn I. Gordon, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OLAN MCLEOD, No. 18—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Police Commission Report.

According to the annual report of the Newport Police Commission as submitted to the General Assembly this week, there are too many saloons in this city for the number of residents here. The report recommends that the General Laws be amended so that the number of retail liquor licenses granted should not exceed one for every 500 of the population, and that the wholesale licenses should not exceed one for every 2500 of population. In order to prevent any loss of revenue by this reduction in the number of licensed places the commission recommends that the fee for a wholesale license shall be \$700 and for a retail license \$550.

The number of arrests, as tabulated in the report, for the year was: males 809, females 71; convictions totalled 628; fines imposed and paid in District Court \$245.35, not paid \$1163.70; amount of property stolen \$2079, recovered in city \$1141.66; taken from and restored to prisoners \$2218.67; from liquor licenses expiring Dec. 1, 1904, the sum of \$2275.19 was collected, and from licenses expiring on Dec. 1, 1905, the total collected was \$30,950.40; dog licenses brought in \$2104 to the city, and entertainments and dances \$1096, while from eating houses and taverns \$905 was received, with \$670 from peddlers and junkmen.

The amount of the appropriation for the Commission's use is \$42,000, and of this \$39,744.80 has been expended, leaving a balance of \$2255.20.

It is also noted that 11 months salary, withheld by order of the City Council of Newport, amounting to \$2750.01, is due to the Commissioners.

The papers have had much to say this week about the new hotel to be made out of the George A. Weaver building on Broadway. This is no new project. The plans were made long ago, more to see what could be done than for any other purpose. Mr. Weaver has no intention of turning the place into a hotel, at least not for the present. Hotel promoters will have to look elsewhere for a location. Meanwhile perhaps another million dollar Myers may turn up with a new project.

Rev. Geo. Whitefield Mead, Ph. D., has declined the call recently extended to him to become pastor of the Guntton Temple of Washington, D. C. It is understood that a church in New Jersey may extend a call to Dr. Mead. The members of the First Presbyterian Church and Congregation have extended to Dr. Mead an urgent wish to have him remain.

Rev. C. A. Stenhouse has returned from Taunton, Mass.

Genuine Blizzard.

Severe Snowstorm Delays Traffic, Upsets the Mail Schedule and Interferes with Business Generally—One of the Worst Storms in Recent Years—Railroad Trains in Snow Drifts All Night.

One of the worst blizzards of recent years has prevailed this week. The amount of snow that fell was not unusually great but the accompanying weather was as disagreeable as could well be imagined and the delay to traffic of all kinds was very pronounced.

Early Tuesday evening the snow began to come down gently while the mercury hovered low in the thermometer. During the night the storm increased in intensity and when morning dawned there was already considerable snow on the ground and a severe storm was still raging. At the time the street cars were able to run not very far behind schedule time but the walking was very unpleasant and few persons were on the streets who were not compelled to be out. There was trouble with the mails for the steamer General after starting out from Wickford in the morning was compelled to put back there and the mail was sent around by Fall River. The eleven o'clock train arrived about noon bringing the mail and some of the out of town newspapers. This was the only mail in during the day.

The storm continued to increase in fury all during the day and at night the conditions were something decidedly unusual. The steamboat lines were tied up during the day. The Providence boat was unable to make her trip and returned to Newport after getting a short distance up the bay. The General remained at Wickford and the Block Island steamers made no attempt to come over. The Conanicut made trips during the morning but as night approached conditions were too severe to permit of her running.

The conditions on the steam railroad were as bad as they were anywhere. Wednesday afternoon the trains in were about an hour or more late and got later as the afternoon advanced. Conductor Therien's train, due here at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, arrived late and was sent right out again with two locomotives. After being sent out the crew stayed out. The train got out a few miles onto the island and could neither get forward nor back. The train spent the night in the drifts in the town of Middletown and after much arduous labor managed to return to this city shortly before noon on Thursday, closely followed by Conductor Scott's train, due here at 5.47 Wednesday afternoon, and which had also spent the night in the drifts. The train crew got their Wednesday night's supper about noon on Thursday. The first train from Boston on Thursday did not get through until afternoon and brought the mail and some of the newspapers.

Conditions within the city on Thursday were decidedly winterish. The storm had continued during the night, the wind blowing a hurricane and the temperature standing well down toward the zero mark. All night the wind howled and tossed the snow into drifts. It would have been a wicked night for a fire, but fortunately, there was no alarm until Thursday morning, when a still alarm was sounded.

Wednesday night the local snow plow of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company was sent out on the island to help the cars there. It didn't come back the same day. In fact it was after one o'clock Thursday afternoon before it came back with two of the big Fall River cars to help push it. The local cars had to buck their way unaided Thursday morning and two cars hitched together were sent out Broadway to open the rails. It was slow work and the early morning schedule was considerably out of kilter.

On the Providence road the big plow was kept at work and the cars were able to run before the usual time in the morning. There was a car in with the plow about six o'clock and the plow and car went back before seven. The Point line was opened for traffic promptly and the main line was in constant operation. The big plow of the new road and the energy and executive ability of its superintendent, Mr. Jones, makes a heavy snow storm look like thirty cents.

It was a fearful night for shipping, for men of the life saving service, and for the police officers who were compelled to be on their feet. At the Brenton's Reef Life-saving Station the men were sent out on patrol duty in pairs and no one went to bed. Fortunately there were no distress signals sighted.

There was practically no attempt at clearing the walks from Tuesday evening until Thursday morning. It would not have been worth while for the wind blew the snow back as fast as one could shove it out. When Thursday morning broke clear and cold there was a general hustle on the part of

householders to get their walks clear. Street Commissioner Hamilton had his men at work on Thames street early in the morning, reducing the great piles of snow to make the streets passable for vehicles and fire engines if the necessity arose. Other important streets were made passable as early as possible. Chief Kirwin of the fire department also sent out a gang of men to remove the snow from the hydrants and make sure that they were in perfect working condition.

Taken altogether it was one of the worst storms in a number of years. It was a fearful storm to face, and if fire had broken out in the thickly built-up portion of the city the firemen would have had all they could swing to in order to prevent a disastrous conflagration. More than one person breathed a sigh of relief when morning dawned without the sound of the dreaded fire alarm having been heard during the night.

A New Ferryboat.

The Newport and Providence Railway Company will have a brand new and a very able ferry boat before the season's rush is upon them next summer. President E. A. Brown returned this week from a trip of several days which was devoted to the matter, and he announces that he has signed a contract with Posey and Jones of Wilmington, Del., to build a vessel that will meet all the requirements of the company. This firm was the builder of both the Conanicut and the Beaver Tail of the Jamestown ferry and the new steamer will be patterned somewhat upon the lines of these two boats.

The vessel will be the usual side-wheeled ferryboat with two carriage-ways and the engine between them. It will have a double steel hull, permitting the use of tripping tanks. There will be no cabin on the upper deck. Powerful Fletcher engines will be installed and it is hoped that the boat will be staunch enough and of enough power and speed to overcome the difficulties of navigation at Bristol Ferry. The new boat is expected to be delivered about the first of June.

Mrs. F. A. Fredericks was tendered a reception in St. Mary's Hall Tuesday evening, previous to her departure for Worcester, Mass., where she will join her husband, Professor F. A. Fredericks, who is organist of St. Stephen's church. Whist was played, followed by dancing and there was a large gathering of friends present to enjoy the festivities and to express their regret at Mrs. Fredericks' departure. For thirty-six years Mrs. Fredericks has been a member of St. Mary's choir and has rendered valuable services to the church. During the evening the choir sang and solos were also rendered by Miss Mae Shanteler and Mr. Thomas Connolly.

Foster in his weather predictions published in last week's MERCURY said, "There will be a severe winter storm in North-eastern States about Jan. 25." Those of our readers who were compelled to walk out Broadway that night after the blizzard had caused the cessation of railroad travel, came to the conclusion that Foster is altogether too good a prophet.

Mrs. Frances Thurston Clarke, widow of Mr. Joseph S. Clarke, of this city, died at the home of her niece in Westerly on Sunday in her eightieth year. Mrs. Clarke kept a boarding house on Parker avenue for many years. Her funeral was held on Thursday.

A new horse from Providence has been given a trial on the police patrol wagon this week to take the place of the horse that has done duty there for a number of years. It is likely that the old horse, which is quite a pet in the department, will be sold.

Now that the Newport Business Men's Association has voted to disband some of the members are talking of forming a new club and it is possible that quarters may be secured in the old National Bank of Rhode Island building.

Mrs. Elvira Clark Leavitt died in Melrose, Mass., last week and was buried there on Monday. She was the widow of Rev. Dudley Prescott Leavitt who was pastor of the First M. E. Church in this city from 1871 to 1874.

The Missouri bill to abolish tips is attracting so wide a discussion that it must have filled a long-felt want. We would like to see it spread all over the United States.

Surgeon Rand P. Crandall, U. S. N., is at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on waiting orders. Surgeon Crandall was formerly at the Torpedo Station in this city.

Chief Engineer Kirwin had all necessary precautions taken in case of fire during the recent storm.

Mr. Herbert Crosby has returned to this city, after spending several months in New Mexico.

Citizens' Business Association.

A new organization whose purpose is the betterment of Newport was put into being at the hall in the Builders & Merchants Exchange on Friday evening of last week. The adjourned public meeting from the previous week was held on that evening and at that time the committee to develop a plan for organization reported. The attendance was quite large and much interest was taken in the project. Mr. B. F. Tanner presided and Mr. J. S. Milne was the secretary.

The committee's report provided that the organization shall be known as the Citizens' Business Association, and its object is to advance the general interests of the city of Newport. The membership dues are placed at \$10 a year payable semi-annually in advance. There are to be as officers a president, three vice presidents, secretary, treasurer and executive committee consisting of 11 members. It is proposed to have a paid secretary who shall keep regular office hours, but the association has not yet selected a man for this office.

After the adoption of the constitution many of those present enrolled themselves as members. Officers were elected as follows:

President—William P. Sheffield, Jr.
First Vice President—Patrick J. Boyle.
Second Vice President—Frederick P. Garretson.

Third Vice President—Benjamin F. Tanner.

Treasurer—Robert Frame.
Executive Committee—Captain J. P. Cotton, Herbert L. Dyer, J. D. Johnston, William H. Langley, Ralph R. Barker, William Shepley, J. K. Sullivan, F. B. Coggeshall, Joseph Haile, John H. Swaneev, Joseph S. Milne.

The newly elected officers were installed at a public meeting held last (Friday) evening.

Wedding Bells.

Gladding St. Clair.

Miss Alma Armbrust St. Clair and Mr. Benjamin T. Gladding were quietly married at Emmanuel Church rectory Wednesday evening, Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., officiating. The bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry St. Clair, were present to witness the ceremony.

The bride received many beautiful and useful gifts, among the number being a cut glass bottle and glasses from the employees of the Daily News office, where she has worked for a number of years.

Mr. Gladding is a member of the firm of White & Gladding.

The young couple will reside on Third street.

Rev. Ernest J. Dennen paid a visit to Lynn, Mass., the past week. Mr. Dennen recently received a call to become rector of St. Stephen's Church in that city and it was in connection with this that he visited that city. St. Stephen's Church is an exceedingly handsome edifice and has a membership of about 2,000. Mr. Dennen has not yet accepted the call, but if he should Trinity Church would lose a valuable rector—one who has made a host of friends during his stay in Newport and who has worked most faithfully for the good of the parish.

This afternoon Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, assisted by Rev. Percy Grant of the Church of the Ascension of New York, will dedicate the handsome memorial in Trinity Church given by Messrs. Perry and August Belmont in memory of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont. The memorial tablet is a very striking one and stands in the south-east corner of the church. The service at the church will not be open to the public.

General and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anne Fitzhugh Lee, to Lieutenant Lewis Brown, Jr., of the Seventh United States Cavalry, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown, of this city. The wedding will take place on February 15th, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Norfolk, Va.

Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry gave a ball Tuesday evening at their residence in New York. Mrs. Gerry, assisted by her daughters, Miss Gerry and Miss Mabel Gerry, received in the Louis XVI salon. A buffet supper was served from the time the guests arrived until their departure.

On account of the death of the late Joseph S. Peckham, Mr. T. M. Seabury, Jr., has been appointed chor-master of the Channing Memorial Church, and Mr. James H. Hildreth bass singer.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith, of this city, who is spending several months in Florida, has accepted a position during his stay in the South on a steamship line running between Miami and Havana.

Miss Etta Hazard and Miss Katharine McMahon paid a visit to Pine Ridge Camp the past week.

Supreme Court.

The second week of the January session of the supreme court began on Monday when the criminal side of the docket was in order. Geronimo Leva, indicted for assault with a dangerous weapon, was sentenced to three months in the Providence county jail with costs.

The case of State vs. George Hosker was called, the defendant being charged with assault with a dangerous weapon. A jury was empanelled with Philip Caswell of Middletown as foreman. The assault was committed in Tiverton on the evening of December 26, 1904. Edmund Pollitt of Tiverton was the victim of the assault and he testified to Hosker coming to his house twice, and finally assaulting him with a razor. Witness was corroborated by his wife. John B. Willett told of taking the razor from the defendant. For the defence the prisoner took the stand. He said that he went to Pollitt's to leave a razor that he had tried to sharpen. He was knocked down and did not know how Pollitt got out. The court charged the jury briefly and the verdict was guilty. The court pronounced a sentence of 11 months in the Providence county jail with costs.

On Tuesday the case of James J. Dugan vs. the J. W. Bishop Company was in order, a suit on book account to recover a balance. The plaintiff furnished stone to the defendant company and claimed a balance due. There seemed to be a question about the weights and the contract. The court directed a verdict for plaintiff for \$442.97.

On Wednesday the case of Wolf, Sayer & Heller vs. John T. Reagan was tried by a jury. The jury went in carriages in the violent storm to view the store of Mr. Reagan on lower Thames street. This suit is one to recover a balance on a contract plaintiff had for making alterations to defendant's store.

The claim of the defence was to the effect that the work was not satisfactory and not according to contract. The plaintiff had employed some Newport men to do the work and these were put on the stand to testify as to the conditions. There were various claims for allowances on account of deviations from contract. The case was a long one, the taking of testimony taking all of the morning session. In the afternoon the case was given to the jury and shortly after six o'clock a verdict was announced of \$300 with interest, amounting to \$43.75, for the plaintiff.

Ladies' Auxiliary, Y. M. C. A.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday evening, with a large attendance. The reports of the various officers were interesting and showed that the Auxiliary has made considerable growth during the past year. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Mrs. William B. Franklin.
First Vice President—Mrs. F. Fred Knott.
Second Vice President—Mrs. Roland J. Easton.
Secretary—Mrs. Clarence Stanhope.
Treasurer—Mrs. Albert K. Sherman.

It is probable that another modern business structure will be erected on Washington square in the early spring. The Newport Realty Company will erect a modern building on the Buttrick estate on the opposite corner from the Builders & Merchants Exchange. There are only about fifty shares of stock now remaining unsold. It is proposed to start the work in March. The promoters of the project are largely the same as those that carried through the Builders & Merchants Exchange.

Tuesday evening a reception was given by the nurses of the Newport Hospital in the Administration building. The reception was in charge of Miss Barrett, superintendent of the School for Nurses, and she was assisted in receiving by Miss Pickett, superintendent of the hospital. Games were played during the evening and dancing was enjoyed by the younger people. The Harry K. Howard orchestra furnished music.

There was a hearing Saturday in Providence on the request of Julius S. Chappelle for a reduction in the amount of bail required. The court declined to make any reduction. There is a report of another suit against him for money that he is alleged to have obtained while engaged in business as a broker in New York.

The fishermen who use the fishing grounds along this coast are preparing a petition to be sent to Congress asking that there be no target practice by the war ships on the fishing grounds during the summer. The fishermen claim that the firing drives away the fish.

Augustine A. Danahy died very suddenly at Bridgeport, Conn., Thursday night. He was a son of the late Cornelius Danahy who kept a barber shop in Newport for many years.

Colonel and Mrs. Reginald Norman are entertaining Mrs. Norman's brother-in-law, Mr. E. D. Bolt, who recently arrived from Europe.

Recent Deaths.

Col. T. A. Barton.

Colonel Theodore Ayrault Barton who died in Providence on Tuesday was a native of this city, being a son of James and Mary Barton and a direct descendant of General William Barton whose best known exploit was the capture of General Prescott during the Revolution.

Colonel Barton was secretary of the Rhode Island State House Commission and was one of the best known military men of the state. He was stricken with apoplexy on a car going from Fall River to Providence on January 18, and never rallied from the attack.

Mrs. George Flint of Providence gave a pleasing address before the members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., and their friends at the residence of Mrs. Walter Goffe on Broadway yesterday afternoon. Refreshments were served.

The newly elected officers of Ocean Lodge, No. 7, A. O. U. W., were installed on Wednesday evening, despite the raging blizzard that prevailed. District Deputy Grand Master J. Irving Davis was the installing officer. A collation was served.

Rev. Mr. Mead gave the first of the series of illustrated lectures on Ben Hur at the First Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening to a large audience. This coming Sunday evening the course will be continued.

Minneola Council, No. 3, D. of P., gave a whist and dance in the Builders' & Merchants' building on Tuesday evening, which was largely attended and proved a success both socially and financially.

The remains of Margaret Laurie Gorman, who died on Friday of last week at Pontiac, R. I., were brought to this city on Monday for burial, the interment taking place in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Mr. William H. Lee has been appointed superintendent of letter carriers at the Newport postoffice. Another carrier will be placed on his route and his duties will be inside the office.

There was a members' night at the rooms of the Newport County Club on Tuesday evening. There was quite a number of the members present and a pleasant evening was passed.

Governor Uter has appointed Mr. Frederick B. Coggeshall a member of the Newport Police Commission for three years in place of Mr. Harwood E. Read.

Mrs. Lydia A. Chase, the mother of Mrs. Herbert W. Lull, died at Mr. Lull's residence on Powell avenue, on Thursday, in her eighty-second year.

At the city council meeting on Monday evening next the finance committee will report, and the annual appropriation bill will be passed.

Mrs. David B. Allen is enjoying a vacation which she is spending at her former home in Baltimore.

Many people are suffering from the grip which is very prevalent in the city.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Dawley is seriously ill at her home on Freedy Street.

Mr. Stephen T. Goddard is ill at his home, suffering from the grip.

Election of Officers.

Y. M. C. A. Committees.

Finance—Angus McLeod, chairman; J. W. Horton, A. K. Sherman and Peter King.
House—A. W. Luther, chairman; W. S. Sisson.
Physical Department—W. S. Langley, chairman; C. H. Bryant and Edward Gilpin.
Property—W. B. Franklin, chairman; R. H. Barker, R. J. Easton.
Entertainment—W. J. Cozzens, G. H. Bryant, A. H. Dolman.
Educational and Reading Room—F. W. Greenleaf, chairman; H. S. Burlingame.
Membership—Frederick Weir, chairman; R. S. Burlingame, Daniel Morrison.
Religious Work—W. M. Arnold, chairman; Daniel Morrison, chairman; W. B. Franklin, W. S. Sisson, W. B. Blaine, Albert Hass, Wright Turner, Charles Lilly, A. L. Hohn, S. W. Marsh, W. S. Pittman.
Boys' Department Committee—Norman Cole, chairman; Albert Hass, T. L. Freaborn, J. W. Blaine, S. J. Robbins.
Building Improvement Committee—Edward A. Sherman, chairman; Percy T. Bailey, Percy L. Bailey, G. H. Draper, Dr. W. J. Speers, Douglas Hazard, Albert J. Stearns, J. Powell Cozzens, H. E. King, Dr. F. A. Corbett, Dr. W. A. Sherman, Dr. H. H. Luther, J. S. Miller, W. F. Adams, J. W. Blaine, E. A. Martin, G. W. Brownell, S. W. Marsh, C. P. Ward, J. W. Porey, Arthur Poppo.
Gymnasium Advisory Committee—P. L. Bisset, J. W. Blaine, Benjamin White.
Bowling Committee—W. F. Adams, chairman; Dr. H. H. Luther, S. W. Marsh, W. B. Garrison, C. C. Christman, C. P. Ward, J. C. Metley.
Basket Ball—W. J. Pittman, chairman; J. L. Kirby, Thomas Turner, W. D. Hazard, T. L. Freaborn.

St. Paul's Lodge.

At the annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., the following officers were chosen:
Master—Elmer E. Nickerson.
Senior Warden—Dr. Frederick Bradley.
Junior Warden—George Russell.
Treasurer—William J. Cozzens.
Secretary—Theodore T. Bowler.
The master-elect being absent the appointive officers were not named. A collation was served.

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "The Strollers"

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LOUIS was not alone, and blessing on the king, as the people that night crowded in the courtyard around the castle. The king, in the open air and glowing beneath the stars and moonlight, what swain or yokel had not a need of praise for the monarch when he beheld this burden of good cheer and at the end of each board, elevated a little and garlanded with roses, a rum and partly cask of wine, with a spigot projecting hospitably tableward. Within the king's pavilion the spectacle attracted to regretfully by the girl and indifferently by the man was at that moment being enacted. Upon a throne of honor the lady of the tournament, attended by two maids, looked down on a brilliant assemblage, through which now approached the king and the princess, betrothed. The latter seemed somewhat thoughtful. His eye had but encountered that of the duke's, whose gaze expressed a disdained confidence the other fair would have fathomed. But for that unfortunate meeting in the lists which had sealed the lips of the only person who had divined the hidden danger the free baron would now have been master of the princess's designs. Above in the palace the trumpet with the red mustaches lay on his couch unconscious.

For how long? The court physician could not say. The soldier might remain insensible for hours. Thus had the jester set of himself with that stroke better than he knew, and he of Hochfels hit his lip and turned inwardly, but to no purpose; not that he believed the peril to be great, but the fact he could not grasp it gazed him, and he cursed the trooper for a dolt and a poltroon that a mere fool should have vanquished him. And so he left him, with a last look of disgust at the silent lips that could not do his bidding, and had proceeded to the royal pavilion, where the final act of the day's drama, more momentous than the king or other spectators realized, was to be performed, an act in which he would have appeared with much complacency but that his chagrin preyed somewhat on his vanity.

But his splendid self control and audacity revealed to the courtly assemblage no trace of what was passing in his mind. He walked by the king's side as one not unaccustomed to such excited company nor overwhelmed by sudden honors. His courage was superb, his demeanor that of one born to command; in him seemed exemplified a type of heroic strength and force denoting a leader—whether of an army or a band of swashbucklers. As the monarch and the free baron drew near, the princess slowly, gracefully arose, while now grouped around the throne stood the heralds and pursuivants of the lists. In her hand Louise held the gift, covered with a silver veil, an end of which was carried by each of the maids.

"Fair lady of the tournament," said the king, "this gallant knight is Bon Vouloir, whom you have even heard proclaimed the victor of the day."

"Approach, Bon Vouloir!" commanded the queen of love.

The maids uncovered the gift, the customary chaplet of beaten gold, and as the free baron bowed his head the princess with a firm hand fulfilled the functions of her office. Rising, Bon Vouloir, amid the exclamations of the court, claimed the privilege that went with the humble. A moment he looked at the princess; she seemed to bend beneath his regard; then, leaning forward, deliberately rather than ardently he touched her cheek with his lips. Those who watched the queen of love closely observed her face become paler and her form tremble, but in a moment she was again mistress of herself, her features prouder and colder than before.

"Is not your pleasure to open the festivities, sire?" murmured the favorite, and without further words Francis acquiesced, proffering his arm to his companion.

Masque, costume ball, ballet, it was all one to the king and the court, who never worried of the diverting vagaries of the dance. Now, studying that pantomimic group of merry-makers, in the rhythmic expression of action and movement could almost be read the influence and relative positions of the fair revelers.

"There, I've danced enough!" said a panting voice, and Jacqueline, breathless, panted before the duke's foot, who stood a motionless spectator of the revelry. In his rich costume of blue and white the figure of the foreign jester presented a fair and striking appearance, but his face, proud and composed, was wanting in that spirit which animated the features of his fellows in motley.

"One more turn, fair Jacqueline?" suggested Marot, her partner in the dance.

"Not one," she answered.

"Is that a dismissal?" he asked lightly.

"You mean it was directed by intention?" he asked indifferently.

"Not only that," she answered. "I mean that the disk had been prepared and the point left bare."

"A mistake, of course," he said, with a peculiar smile.

A look of impatience crossed her face, but she gazed at him intently, and her eyes held him from the floor, where they would have strayed.

"Are you stupid, or do you but profess to be?" she demanded. "Before the tilt I noticed the duke and his trooper talking together. When they separated, the latter, unmolested, as he thought, struck the point of his weapon against his stirrup. The disk fell to the ground."

"Your glance is sharp, Jacqueline," he retorted slowly. "Thank you for the information."

Her eyes kindled. An angry retort seemed about to spring from her lips. It was with difficulty she controlled herself to answer calmly a moment later.

"You mean it can serve you nothing? Perhaps you are right. Today you were lucky. Tomorrow you may be—what? Today you defended yourself well, and it was a good lance you bore. Had it been any other jester the king would have praised him. Because it was you no word has been spoken. If anything, your success has annoyed him. Several of the court spoke of it. He answered not. 'Tis the signal to ignore it and—"

"Then are you courageous to brave public opinion and hold converse with me?" he replied, with a smile.

"Public opinion!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "What would they say of a jestress? Who is she? What is she?"

She ended abruptly, bit her lips, showing her gleaming white teeth. Then some emotion more profound swept over her expressive face. She looked at him silently, and when she spoke her voice was more gentle.

"I cannot believe," she continued thoughtfully, "that the duke told his trooper to do that. 'Tis too infamous. The man must have acted on his own responsibility. The duke could not, would not, countenance such baseness."

"You have a good opinion of him, gentle mistress," he said in a tone that exasperated her.

"Who has not?" she retorted sharply. "He is as brave as he is distinguished. Farewell! If you served him better and yourself less you—"

"Would serve myself better in the end?" he interrupted satirically.

"Thanks, good Jacqueline. A woman makes an excellent counselor."

Disdainfully she smiled. Her face grew cold. Her figure looked never more erect and inflexible.

"Why," she remarked, "here am I wasting time talking when the music is playing and every one is dancing. Even now I see a couple approaching who has thrice imperturbed me." And the jestress vanished in the throng as abruptly as she had appeared.

Thoughtfully the duke's foot looked not after her, but toward a far end of the pavilion where he last had seen the princess and her betrothed.

"Caillotte should now be well on his way," he told himself. "No one has yet missed him, or if they do notice his absence they will attribute it to his injuries."

Around him, carnal, blood warm flowers exhaled a commingling redolence; near him a toy-like fountain whispered very softly and confidentially. Through the foliage the figures moved and moved; on the air the music fell and rose, this in orchestration, yet brightly penetrating in sparkling detail. Buoyant were the violins, sportive the flutes, all alive the gitters, blithesome the tripping appeggios that crisply fell from the strings of the joyous harps.

The rustling of a gown admonished him he was not alone, and, looking around amid the crimson flowers, to his startled gaze appeared the face of her of whom he was thinking; above the broad, white brow shone the radiance of hair, a gold that was almost bronze in that dim light; through the green tangle of shrubbery, a silver slipper.

"Ah, it is you, fool!" she said languidly. It may be he contrasted the indifference of her tones now with the unconscious softness of her voice when she had addressed him on another occasion—in another garden—for his face flushed and he would have turned abruptly when—

"Oh, you may remain," she added carelessly. "The duke has but left me. He received a message that the man hurt in the lists was most anxious to see him."

Into the whirl of his reflections her words insinuated themselves. Why had the free baron gone to the trooper? What made his presence so imperative at the bedside of the soldier that he had abruptly abandoned the festivities? Surely more than mere anxiety for the man's welfare. The jester looked at the princess for the answer to these questions, but her face was cold, smiling, unresponsive. In the basin of the fountain tiny fish played and darted, and as his eyes turned from her to them they appeared as swift and elusive as his own surging fancies.

"The—duke, madam, is most solicitous about his men," he said in a voice which sounded strangely calm.

"A good leader has always in mind the welfare of his soldiers," she replied briefly.

Her hand played among the blossoms. Over the flowers she looked at him. Her features and arms were of the sculptured roundness of marble, but the reflection of the roses bathed her in the warm hue of life. As he met

her gaze the innocent pages of a book seemed turning before his eyes. Did she remember?

She could not but perceive his emotion, the tribute of a glance beyond control, despite the proud familiarity of his features.

"Sit here, fool," she said, not unkindly, "and you may tell me more about the duke, his exploits—of that battle when he saved the life of the emperor."

The jester made no move to obey, but, looking down, answered coldly, "The duke, madam, likes not to have his past deeds exploited."

"Poor deeds!" she returned and seemed about to reply more sharply when something in his face held her silent.

Leaning her head on her hand, she appeared to forget his presence, motionless save for a foot that waved to and fro, betraying her restless mood. The sound of her dress, the swaying of the foot, held his attention. In that little bower the air was almost stilling, laden with the perfume of many flowers. Even the song of the birds grew fainter. Only the tiny fountain, more assertive than ever, became louder and louder. The princess breathed deeply, half arose. A vine caught in her hair. She stooped to disentangle it, then held herself erect.

"How close it is in here!" she murmured, arranging the tress the plant had disturbed. "Go to the door, fool, and see if you can find your master."

Involuntarily he had stepped toward her, as though to assist her, but now stopped. His face changed. He even laughed. That last word from her lips seemed to break the spell of self control that held him.

"My master!" he said in a hard, scoffing tone. "Whom mean you—the man who left you to go to the soldier? That blustering my master! That swaggering trooper!"

Her inertness vanished. The sudden anger and wonderment in her eyes met the passion in his.

"How dare you—dare you!" she began.

"He is neither my master nor the duke, but a mere freebooter, a mountain terrorist."

Pride and contempt replaced her surprise, but indignation still remained. His audacity in coming to her with this falsehood, his hardness in maintaining it, admitted of but one explanation. By her complaisance in the past she had fanned the embers of a passion which now burst beyond control. She realized how more than fair she looked that evening. Had she not heard it from many? Had not the eyes of the king's guest told her? And she believed that this lie must have sprung to the jester's lips while he was regarding her.

As the solution crossed her mind, revealing the pliant, a desperate and despicable as well as lowly woe, her face relaxed. In the desire to test her conclusion she laughed quietly, musically. Cruelly kind smiled the princess.

"You are mad," she breathed softly. "You are mad—because—because you—"

He started, studying her eagerly. He fancied he read relenting softness in her gaze, a flash of memory into a past, where glamour and romance and the heart history of the rose made up life's desolation, wherein existence was but an allegory of love's quest and the goal its consummation. Had she not bent solemnly over the rose of the poet? Had not her breath come quickly, eagerly? Could he not feel it yet, sweet and warm on his cheek? Into the past, having gone so far, he stepped now boldly, as though to grasp again those illusive colors and seize anew the intangible substance. He was but young, when shadows seem solid, when dreams are corporeal stuff and fantasies, rooklike strata of reality.

So he knelt before her. "Yes," he said, "I love you."

And he thus remained, pale, inert, all resentment or jealousy succeeded by a stronger emotion, a feeling chivalric that bent itself to a glad thralldom, the desire but to serve her, to save her. His heart beat faster. He raised his head proudly.

"Listen, princess," he began. "Though I meant it not, I fear I have greatly wronged you. I have much to ask your pardon for, much to tell you. It is I—"

The words died on his lips. From the princess' face all softness had suddenly vanished. Her gaze passed him, cold, haughty. Across the illusory positiveness of his world, immaterial, psychological, ghostly, an intermediate orb, a tangible shadow was thrown. Behind him stood the free baron and the king. Quickly the fool sprang to his feet.

"Princess!" exclaimed the hoarse voice of the master of Hochfels.

"My lord!"

For a moment neither spoke, and then the clear, cold voice of the princess broke the silence.

"Are all the fools in your country so presumptuous, my lord?" she said.

The king's countenance lightened. He turned his accusing glance upon the fool. As in a dream stood the latter. "The words he would have uttered remained unspoken. But briefly the monarch surveyed him satirically, darkly, then, turning, with a gesture, summoned an attendant. Not until the hands of two soldiers fell upon him did the fool betray any emotion. Then his face changed, and the stunned look in his eyes gave way to an expression of such unbridled feeling that involuntarily the king stepped back, and the free baron drew his sword. But neither had the monarch need for apprehension nor the princess' betrothed use for his weapon. Some emotion deeper than anger replaced the savage turmoil of the jester's thoughts as with a last fixed look at the princess he mechanically suffered himself to be led away. Louise's gaze perforce followed him, and when the canvas fell and he had disappeared she passed a hand across her brow.

"Are you satisfied, my lord?" said the king to the free baron.

"The knave has received his just deserts, sire," replied the other, and, stepping to the princess' side, raised her hand to his lips.

"Mere du Dieu!" cried the monarch, passing his arm in a friendly manner over the free baron's shoulder and addressing Louise.

"You will find Robert of Friedwald worthy of your high trust, cousin."

Without, they were soon whispering it. The attendant, who was the Count of Cross, breathed what he knew to the Duke of Montmorency, who told Du Bellays, who related the story to



The words died on his lips.

Diane de Poitiers, who embellished it for Villot, who carried it to Jacqueline.

"Triboulet has his wish," said the poet-fool half regretfully. "There is one jester the less."

"Where have they taken him?" asked the girl steadily.

"Where but to the keep?"

"That dungeon of the old castle?"

"Well," he returned significantly, "a fool and his jests, alas, are soon parted! Let us make merry, therefore, while we may. For what would you? Come, mistress—the dance!"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed, so passionately he gazed at her in surprise.

CHAPTER XIV.

In a mood of contending thought the free baron left his apartments the next morning and traversed the tapestry hung corridor leading toward the servants' and soldiers' quarters.

Following the exposure of the jester's weakness, his passion for his mistress, Francis, as Villot told Jacqueline, had immediately ordered the fool into strictest confinement, the donjon of the ancient structure. In that darkened cell he had rested overnight, and there he would no doubt remain indefinitely. The king's guest had not been greatly concerned with the jester's quixotic love for the princess, being little disposed to jealousy.

But to offset his satisfaction that the jester lay under restraint he took in hand part the trooper's continued insensibility which deprived him of the much needed information. When he had repaired to the bedside of the soldier the night before he had only his trip for his pains, as the man had again sunk into unconsciousness shortly before his coming. Thus the free baron was still in ignorance of the person to whom the fool had betrayed him.

With a firm step the king's guest entered the chamber of the injured soldier. Upon a narrow bed lay the trooper, his mustaches appearing unusually red and hence against his now yellow, washed out complexion. As the free baron drew near the couch a tall figure arose from the side of the bed.

"How is your patient, doctor?" said the visitor shortly.

"Low," returned the other laconically. "This person wore a black gown, a pair of huge broad rimmed glasses resting on the bridge of a thin, long nose, and in his clawlike fingers he held a vial, the contents of which he stirred slowly. His aspect was that of living sorrow and melancholy."

"Has he been conscious again?" asked the caller.

"He has been late as you see him," replied the wearer of the black robe.

"His days are numbered," quoth the free baron to himself, staring forward. But as he spoke he imagined he saw the red mustaches move, while one eye certainly glared with intelligent hatred upon the doctor and turned with anxious solicitude upon his master. The latter immediately knelt by the bedside and laid his hand upon the already cold one of the soldier.

"Speak!" he said.

It was the command of an officer to a trooper, an authoritative bidding, and seemed to summon a last rallying energy from the failing heart. The man's gaze showed that he understood. From the free baron's eye flashed a glance of savage power and force.

"Speak!" he repeated earnestly, imperatively.

The mustaches quivered; the leader bent his head low, so low his face almost touched the soldier's. A voice—was it a voice, so faint it sounded?—breathed a few words:

"The emperor—Spain—Caillotte gone!"

Soberly the king's guest walked down the echoing stairway out into the open air of the court. The emperor in Spain? It seemed not unlikely. If the emperor had gone to Spain a messenger, riding posthaste, could reach Charles in time to enable that monarch to interpose in the nuptials and override the confidence the free baron had established for himself in the court of Francis. An impediment offered by Charles would be equivalent to the abandonment of the entire marital enterprise.

Pausing before a massive arched doorway that led into a wing of the castle where the free baron knew the jesters and certain of the gentlemen of the chamber lodged, the master of Hochfels, in answer to his inquiries from a servant, learned that Caillotte had not been in his apartments since the day before; that he had ridden from the tournament ostensibly to return to his rooms, but nothing had been heard of him since.

No further doubt remained in his mind that the duke's pliant had sent a comrade in motley to the emperor, and as he would not have inspired a more fool's errand Charles without

question was in Spain, several days nearer to the court of the French monarch than the princess' betrothed had presumed. Caillotte had now been four and twenty hours on his journey. It would be useless to attempt pursuit, as the jester was a gallant horseman, trained to the hunt. Such a man would be indefatigable in the saddle, and the other realized that, strive as he might, he could never overcome the handicap.

Then of what avail was one fool in the dungeon, with a second on the road? Should he abandon his quest, be driven from his purpose by a nest of motley meddlers? The idea never seriously entered his mind. He would fight it out doggedly upon the field of deception. But how?

Step by step the king's guest had left the palace behind him until the surrounding shrubbery shut it from view, but the path, sweeping onward with graceful curve, brought him suddenly to a beautiful chateau. Lost in thought, he gazed within the flowering ground at the ornate architecture, the marble statues and the little lake in whose pellucid depths were mirrored a thousand beauties of that chosen spot, an improved Eden of the landscape gardener wherein resided the Countess d'Estampes.

"Why," thought the free baron, brightening abruptly, "that chance which served me last night, which forced the trooper to speak today, now has led my stupid feet to the sooth-sayer."

Within a much beglit and gorgeous bower he soon found himself awaiting patiently the coming of the king's favorite. Upon a tiny chair of gold too fragile for his bulk the caller meanwhile inspected the ceilings and walls of this dainty domicile, mechanically striving to decipher a painted allegory of Venus and Mars or Helen and Paris or the countess and Francis, he could not decide precisely its purport, when she floated into the room, dressed in some diaphanous stuff, a natural accompaniment to the other decorations, her dishabille a positive note of modesty amid the vivid colorings and graceful poses of those tributes to love with which Primiticcio and other Italian artists had adorned this bower.

"How charming of you!" vaguely murmured the lady, sinking lightly upon a settee. "What an early riser you must be, duke!"

Although it was then but two hours from noon, the visitor confessed himself open to criticism in this regard. "And you as well, madam," he added. "Must plead guilty of the same fault. One can easily see you have been out in the garden and," he blundered on, "stolen the thins from the roses."

Sharply the countess looked at him, but read only an honest attempt at a compliment.

"Why," she said, "you are becoming as great a flatterer as the rest of them. But, confess now, you did not call to tell me that?"

"No, madam," he answered, taking credit to himself for his diplomacy. "It is not necessary that truth should be premeditated. I had a serious purpose in seeking you. Of all the court you alone can assist me. It is to you only I can look for aid. Knowing you generous, I have ventured to come."

"You interest me," she laughed. "It must be a pressing emergency when you honor me—so early in the day."

"It is, madam," he replied, "very pressing to me. I want the wedding day changed."

"Changed?" she exclaimed, staring at him. "Before?"

"No, hastened, madam. It is too long to wait. Go to the king; ask him to shorten the interval; to set the day sooner. I beg of you, madam."

"Oh, this is delicious!" purred the countess. "I will be your messenger, your advocate, and will plead your cause and will win your case. But what about the princess? What will she say when?"

"It shall be my task to persuade her. I am sure she will consent," returned the suitor.

"Perhaps you have spoken to her already?" asked the countess.

"No, madam; without your assistance, of what use would be her willingness?"

"What a responsibility you place on my weak shoulders!" cried the other. "However, I will not shift the burden. I will go to his majesty at once. And do you go to the princess."

"At your command," he replied and took his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH his arms behind him, the duke's fool moved as best he might to and fro within the narrow confines of his jail. The events which had led to his incarceration were so recent he had hardly yet brought himself to realize their full significance. Neither Francis' anger nor the free baron's covert satisfaction during the scene following their abrupt appearance in the bower of roses had greatly weighed upon him, but not so the attitude of the princess.

How vividly all the details stood out in his brain—the sudden transitions of her manner; her seeming interest in his passionate words; her eyes, friendly, tender, as he had once known them, then portentous silence, frozen disdain! Into the marble-like pallor of her face a faint flush had seemed to insinuate itself, but the words had dropped easily from her lips, "Are all the fools of your country so presumptuous, my lord?"

Above the other distinctive features of that tragic night to the pliant this question had reiterated itself persistently in the solitude of his cell. From her height could she not have spared him the scorn and contempt of her question? Over and over through the long hours he had asked himself that, and as he brooded the idealization with which he had adorned her fell like an ensnaring drapey to the dust. Of the vestment of fancy nothing but tatters remained.

A voice without, harsh, abrupt, broke in upon the jester's thoughts. A key was inserted in the lock, and, with a creaking of bolts and groaning of hinges, the warden swung back the iron barrier. Upon the threshold stood the commanding figure of the free baron. A moment he remained thus and then, with an authoritative gesture to the

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Fire and Sword at Columbia

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

February 16-17, 1865

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THE left wing of General Sherman's army, commanded by General H. W. Slocum, marching through the Carolinas to a junction with Grant's army on James river, reached a point about three miles from the city of Columbia, S. C., on the 16th of February, 1865. Slocum was accompanied by the Saluda river, which was bridged at that point. Sherman's right wing, under General O. O. Howard, was also close to Columbia, and a portion of Howard's troops marched through the town and encamped outside.

The movement through the Carolinas, which it carried out, would bring Sherman up in the rear of the army of General Robert E. Lee, then defending Richmond and Petersburg against the Federal forces commanded by Grant. Had begun the 1st of February, and after sixteen days' marching, working and skirmishing the columns that had taken separate routes on leaving Savannah were at last united.

The failure of the Confederates in the Carolinas and Georgia to fall upon Sherman's divided forces and beat them in detail during this march was a subject of controversy at the time and has since attracted the attention of military men. Simultaneously with Sherman's departure from Savannah a conference of Confederate officers was held near Augusta, Ga., to arrange the details of plans for Sherman's defeat. General P. T. Beauregard, who had held command in South Carolina in 1863, came up from the west, to be followed by Confederate troops that had fought at Franklin and Nashville in the closing western campaign of 1864. General W. J. Hardee, the commandant who cleverly slipped out of Savannah with all his army upon the approach of Sherman from western Georgia and represented about 20,000 available troops, was there. General D. H. Hill, one of Robert E. Lee's ablest officers, was also present, and General Gustavus W. Smith, another capable leader, was there at the head of 1,500 Georgia militia.

General Hardee's troops available for immediate use against Sherman numbered 14,500 men, leaving garrisons to hold Charleston and other important posts on the seaboard. General Beauregard promised that 11,000 troops from the former army defending Atlanta against Sherman would soon be in the Carolinas. In fact, half of them were already near Augusta. The cavalry corps of General Joe Wheeler, which had skirmished ahead of Sherman through all the march to the sea, mustered about 6,000 sabers and was already confronting Sherman's outposts.

South Carolina had about 5,000 militia, and General M. T. Butler's division of cavalry, which had been fighting under Lee in Virginia, was included in the force, making a total of about 35,000 troops which could be concentrated, it was thought, upon Sherman's route of march by the middle of February. The southern militia could not be expected to serve outside of their states, and the conscription had exhausted the fighting men of the region.

Although the outlook was discouraging, General Beauregard, sick in mind and body, assumed command as the ranking officer present and determined to make a last effort to hold up Sherman's march. But when the scattered detachments were ready to set out for the point of concentration the game had changed. Sherman was in motion and close to Columbia. General Butler's cavalry division managed to carry through to Wheeler, who all the time skirmished along Sherman's front, a couple of batteries of light artillery and some small detachments of infantry from Hardee's command at Charleston.

Wheeler and Butler together did what they could to burn bridges and hold against the Federals the long causeways through the innumerable swamps which Sherman had to pass in going from the Savannah to the Congaree river. However, the leading division of Sherman's column was always strong enough to outflank the Confederate troops and drive them off with but little loss, and the laying of pontoons and corduroy went forward, and Sherman's 25,000 wagons rolled on toward the goal.

Beauregard left General Smith with his militia to guard Augusta and personally led the sad remnant of the once proud Confederate Army of the Tennessee by a long detour over country roads through South Carolina without getting a glimpse of Sherman nor Sherman of him, much to his delight, holding up finally at Charlotte, N. C. General Hardee clung to Charleston, knowing that the day was near when he must abandon old Fort Sumter and the cradle of the southern uprising. His route to the point for concentration would be through Florence to Cheraw by rail and thence to the rendezvous in North Carolina.

A Confederate leader who was not at the Augusta conference, but who was to play an important part in the effort to beat off Sherman, General Wade Hampton, reached Columbia, his native place, about the time that Sherman's plans became surmised by the southerners. Hampton was a distinguished cavalry leader with Lee in Virginia. He was a man of personal force and, it was believed, could rally the South Carolinians to the defense of their state. Halting at Columbia, he was soon in communication with Beauregard.

"What was your first step in crime that led up to this daring forgery?" asked the judge.
"I began by changing the dates of my wife's letters before I finally mailed them," answered the victim of his own wiles.—Chicago News.

"Pa, what's capital punishment?"
"It's the six months sentence a man gets for stealing a million dollars!"—New York Herald.

regard and other authorities, and his word was to fight and fight at once.

Hampton urged that Hardee abandon Charleston and bring every available man into the swamps in front of Sherman. A small division of the western Army of the Tennessee (Confederate), led by General C. L. Stevenson, and numbering 2,000 men, reached Columbia in advance of other Sherman or Howard. Butler's and Wheeler's cavalry were also on the outside of Sherman's column, and a few state troops had been gathered together by Hampton's vigorous appeals. By concentrating these troops Hampton believed that a vigorous blow upon either Slocum or Howard while the Federal wings were separated and entangled in the swamps would force Sherman to retreat to the seaboard.

In Hampton's opinion the key to the military situation in South Carolina was at Branchville, near the Edisto, and the junction of railways connecting Charleston, Columbia and Augusta. With Branchville as a starting point the Confederates could fight Slocum on the west or Howard on the south and concentrate after the battle to fight the other wing. Beauregard concurred in Hampton's view, but the movement was not made, and when Sherman reached the vicinity of Columbia the total force of Confederates available at that point was about 5,000 men of all arms.

Columbia itself was bare of troops, for the force at hand was scattered to do picket duty in front of the advancing Federals. Wheeler's troopers fell back slowly before Howard's vanguard and at the last crossing of the Congaree set fire to the bridge, first striking it with tar and resin to make the flames spread quickly. So rapidly did the fire take hold some of the men at the work were cut off on the Federal side of the river and compelled to make a long circuit upstream to avoid capture.

In Columbia the cavalry fired the railway stations and buildings and also put the torch to a row of cotton bales in the streets. Stevenson's Confederate infantry took the road to Wintonsboro, N. C., and Hampton called in the cav-



GENERAL JOE WHEELER'S CAVALRY RIDING THROUGH SWAMPY BRANCHVILLE, COLUMBIA.

alry from the front and headed away in the same direction. Columbia offered no defense, and the mayor surrendered the city to Sherman. Before allowing the troops to enter Columbia Sherman issued orders to the men to respect the churches, colleges, hospitals and the like, and to treat the citizens and property as of value to the enemy should be destroyed. General C. L. Wheeler's division of Logan's corps entered the city as the others.

A strong wind was blowing, and Wheeler's men were reluctant to quench the burning cotton. It is said that the citizens furnished the troops with liquor, but that the Federal men were put in armor. The wind grew stronger during the night, and the smoldering cotton soon burst into flames, which were carried to the wooden houses, and in spite of the heroic work of the troops the city was nearly wiped out by the night of Feb. 17, and the same night the Confederate garrison evacuated Charleston.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Passing It On.

Herbert Spencer in "An Autobiography" tells of a gentleman who, having adopted a boy with a view of educating him after a system of his own, found that he had underestimated the magnitude of the undertaking. He therefore cast about for a wife, whom he gave cheerily to understand that his principal reason for marriage was to secure a fit person to rear the boy.

Innocent At Around.

"Are you going to marry sister, Mr. Francis?"
"I don't know, Johnnie."
"It's just what sister said when mother asked her," Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She's actually engaged to him. Why, she told me he was the last man on earth she'd think of marrying."
"I guess that was because he was the last man on earth she thought would ask her."—Philadelphia Press.

Mamma—Why can't you be good like your sister?
Johnny—Oh, everybody can't be like her, mamma! She has got you spoiled.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

UNDER THE ROSE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

man, stepped inside. The turnkey withdrew to a discreet distance, where he remained within call, yet beyond the range of ordinary conversation. Immovably the king's guest gazed upon the jester, who, unembarrassed, calmly endured the scrutiny.

"Well, fool," began the free baron bluntly, "how like you your quarters? You fought me well—in truth, very well. But you labored under a disadvantage, for one thing is certain—a jester in love is doubly a fool."

"Is that what you have come to say?" asked the pliant, his bright glance fastened on the other's confident face.

"I came to return the visit you once made me," easily retorted the master of Blackfels. "By this time you have probably learned I am an opponent to be feared."

"As one fears the assassin's knife or a treacherous onslaught," said the fool. "But I do not say when you left that night the truce was over?" returned the king's guest, frowning.

"True," was the frank answer. "Forewarned, forearmed. And that sort of warfare was to be expected."

"Well," unreservedly replied the free baron, who for reasons of his own chose not to challenge the affront. "In those two instances you were not worsted. And, as for the trooper who attacked you, I know not whether your lance or the doctor's lancet is responsible for his taking off. But you met him with true attitude. You would have made a good soldier. It is to be regretted you did not place your fortune with mine. But it is too late now."

"Yes," answered the pliant. "It is too late."

In the fool's countenance or his manner the king's guest sought confirmation of the dying trooper's words; also was he fencing for such additional information as he might glean, and for this purpose had he come. Had the emperor really gone to Spain? The soldier's assurance had been so faint sometimes the free baron wondered if he had heard aright or if he had correctly interpreted the meager message.

He hoped to provoke from the pliant some expression of self content in his plans for the future.

What if he offered the fool clemency? asked the princess' betrothed of himself. If the jester had confidence in the future he would naturally rather remain in the narrow confines of his dark chamber than consider proposals from one whom he believed he would yet overcome.

"Why," he said patronizingly, surveying the slender figure of the fool, "a good man should die by the sword rather than go to the scaffold. If I get the king to forgive you and the princess to overlook your offense will you well and truthfully serve me?"

"Never!" answered the fool promptly.

"He is sure the message will reach Charles in Spain," mentally concluded the king's guest. "Yet," he continued aloud in a tone of mockery, "you did not hesitate to betray your master yourself. Why, then, will you not be true him to me?"

"To him I will answer, not to you," returned the jester calmly.

A contemptuous smile crossed the free baron's face.

"And tell him how you dared look up to his mistress; that you sought to save her from another, while you yourself poured your own burning tale into her ear? Two things I most admire in nature, went on the free baron, with emphasis, "a darsheil who stops not for man or Satan and an honest man. You are but a compromising middle class and will hence, a hybrid, from some accident of birth."

"For me, with first knowing that you are all likelihood will adorn an easily suitable branch, my lord of the thicket's rookery," said the jester, smiling.

Lords of Blackfels responded with an ugly look.

"Fool, you expect your duke will intervene," he exclaimed. "Not when he has been told all by the king or the princess," he sneered. "Do you think she cares? You, a motley fool, a theme for jest between us."

"But when she learns about you?" retorted the pliant significantly.
"She will then be mistress of my case," he said.

"Castle?" laughed the jester. "A robber'serie! A footpad's retreat! A diller of the roads become a great lord? You of royal blood! Then was your father a king of thieves?"

The free baron's face worked fearfully.

Infatigable, his hand caught his sword, but before he could draw it the fool, anticipating his purpose, had rushed upon him with such immobility and suddenness that the king's guest, in spite of his bulk and strength, was thrust against the wall. Like a grip of iron the jester's fingers were buried in his opponent's throat. For one so youthful and slender in build his power was remarkable, and, strive as he might, the princess' betrothed could not shake him off. Although his arms pressed with crushing force about the figure of the fool, the hand at his throat never relaxed. He endeavored to thrust the pliant from him; but, like a tiger, the jester clung. To and fro they swayed. To the free baron, suffocated by that gauntlet of steel, the room was already going round. Black spots danced before his eyes. He strove to reach for the dagger that hung from his girdle, but it was held between them. Perhaps the muscles of the king's guest had been weakened by the excesses of Francis' court, yet was he still a mighty tower of strength, and, mad with rage, by a last supreme effort he finally managed to tear himself loose, hurling the fool violently from him into the arms of the jester, who, attracted by the sound of the struggle, at that moment rushed into the cell. This keeper, himself a burly, herculean soldier, promptly closed with the prisoner.

Breathless, exhausted, the free baron marked the conflict now transferred to the turnkey and the jester. The former held the fool at a decided disadvantage, as he had sprung upon the back of the jester and was also weakened by previous efforts. But still the fool contended fiercely, striving to turn on his heels with his assailant, and wonderfully the free baron for a moment watched that exhibition of vitality and endurance. During the wrestling the jester's doublet had been torn open, and suddenly the gaze of the king's guest fell, as if fascinated, upon an object which hung from his neck.

Bending forward he scrutinized more closely that which had attracted his attention and then started back. Harshly he laughed, as though a new train of thought had suddenly assailed him, and looked earnestly into the now pale face of the nearly helpless fool.

"Why," he cried, "there's a different complication!"
And stooping suddenly he grasped the steel from the door and brought it down with crushing force upon the pliant's head in a cowardly, brutal blow—and at once the prisoner's grasp relaxed, and he lay motionless in the arms of the warder, who placed him on the straw.

"I think the knave's dead, my lord," remarked the man, pointing from his exertion.

"That makes the comedy only the stronger," replied the free baron curtly, as he knelt by the side of the prostrate figure and thrust his hand under the torn doublet. Having procured possession of the object which elude had revealed to him, he arose and, without further word, left the cell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVEALED THE TRUTH.

How the Facts in a Will Forgery Case Were Brought Out.

In his capacity as judge Lord Brampton always insisted on the imperative demand that every case should be investigated in its minutest details. Upon small points the great issue of a case depends. As exemplifying this Lord Brampton cites a curious case that came before him on the western circuit.

A solicitor was charged with forging the will of a lady, which devised to him a considerable amount of her property, but as the case proceeded it became clear to me that the will was signed after the lady's death and then with a dry pen held in the hand of the deceased by the accused himself while he guided it over a signature which he had craftily forged. A woman was present when this was done, and as she had attested the execution of the will she was a necessary witness for the prisoner, and in examination in chief she was very clear indeed that it was by the hand of the deceased that the will was signed and that she herself had seen the deceased sign it.

Suspicion only existed as to what the real facts were until this woman went into the box, and then a scene highly dramatic occurred in her cross examination. After getting an admission that the will was signed in the bed, with the prisoner near by, the woman was asked:

"Did he put the pen into her hand?"

"Yes."

"And assist her while she signed the will?"

"Yes."

"How did he assist her?"

"By raising her in the bed and supporting her when he had raised her."

"Did he guide her hand?"

"No."

"Did he touch her hand at all?"

"I think he did just touch her hand."

"When he did touch her hand, was she dead?"

"At this last question the woman turned terribly pale, was seen to falter and fell in a swoon on the ground and so revealed the truth, which she had come to deny."—London Mail.

The Misuse of "Quite."

"Quite" strictly means "completely" and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded." Its secondary meaning, "very," "to a great extent," has the authority of good writers, though such expressions as "quite young" and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up of late the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun, e. g., "quite a public enemy." If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective.—London Review.

Spain's Orange Groves.

The Spanish orange region extends over eastern and southern Catalonia, Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, Malaga and Seville, and in parts of Valencia and Murcia the trees now grow in forests, the soil of the famous Valencian "huerta," lavishly manured with guano, being the richest in Europe. Here a single full grown tree will yield 1,500 and at times as many as 1,800 oranges in a season, fruit bearing beginning when the trees reach their sixth year and increasing until they are twenty, when degeneration usually sets in.

"Not Found."

A letter arrived at the New York postoffice the other day bearing the following address: "To Any Respectable Lawyer, New York City, N. Y." The carrier into whose hands it fell for delivery returned it marked to blue pencil, "Not Found."—New York Press.

The Wall Street Journal.

The National Financial

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Now Ready.

The Many Adventures of

FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultz said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"For the grandfather, be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other series, the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

Then, musing at home, I came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in my head. The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who can't read of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Foxy Grandpa?"

The jolly old gentleman, then to grown people as well as children, must attract the reader. Mr. Puckwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL, To Publishers Who Are And To Those Who Are Not. I Merely Dedicate This Book.

"BUNNY." Sent postage paid on receipt of ONE DOLLAR in currency or postal order, no checks received.

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The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.
Office Telephone 131
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Saturday, January 28, 1905.

Newport has had rather more than her usual quota of snow this winter and the residents feel that they can well dispense with any more.

There are strong prospects that the early spring will see Japan and Russia at peace. The Japs are ready to cease fighting at any time and Russia has troubles at home which will demand all her time and energy.

There is no longer any question about this being an old fashioned winter. It is old fashioned all right. Hereafter the "oldest inhabitant" can point to the winter of 1905 as the time of the blizzard and the snow banks.

In the British Isles last year fewer than five railway passengers were killed. The railroad casualties in three months in the United States were 228 passengers killed and 2154 injured. The subject is receiving increased attention in Congress.

The Massachusetts Electric, of which the Newport system is a part, are to make an effort to re-adjust their fares so that the cost along the entire system will be at the rate of not less than one cent to the mile. Such a re-adjustment, which would seem to be eminently fair, will not affect the Rhode Island portion of the system.

The result of the Tucker murder trial was probably as much of a surprise to the counsel for the State as to the prisoner and the public. To the unprejudiced mind it looks as though the State had not proved its case. Tucker may have committed the murder but it is the duty of the State to prove it without the shadow of a doubt.

Senator Aldrich was first elected to the United States Senate October 5, 1891, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of General Ambrose E. Burnside. He has just been chosen for another six years, which will expire March 4th, 1911. If he lives out this term it will give him a career of thirty years in the United States Senate.

Lawson's installment of "Frenzied Finance" in Everybody's Magazine for February seems to have fallen somewhat flat. The sales of the magazine have fallen off very much from the former numbers. Interest in the "Story" and the "Story-teller" seems to be rapidly on the wane.

There is plenty of work for the new association of Newport people to do, and now if they will get right down to business and not imitate the late lamented progress committee by taking all the time telling what great things they are going to do in the future, the people will appreciate the results when they become apparent.

Governor Uter seems to have taken the reins in his own hands in the appointment of a Commissioner of Industrial Statistics. The office is a sinecure and should be abolished. It has, however, been kept in existence presumably for the benefit of Mr. Tiepke, of Pawtucket. Now His Excellency has appointed a new man in the person of Col. Webb of Providence, one of his personal staff, and Mr. Tiepke is left outside of the breastworks, notwithstanding the fact that he has always been considered the pet of the "power behind the throne."

The so-called "January sales" have not panned out so well in Newport this year as they have in former years. There are several reasons for this. One is the lack of money. There has not been a time in many years when money was so scarce as it is in Newport as it is at present. But the great reason for falling off in store sales is that the people have got on to the fact that certain dealers buy a lot of cheap stuff for this occasion and palm them off as standard goods, "only a little shopworn." In the language of the immortal Lincoln, "You cannot fool all the people all the time."

Of all the fool articles ever written about Rhode Island the one in McClure's for February by Lincoln Steffens will certainly take the cake. A more complete misrepresentation of men and events it would be impossible to crowd into the pages of one article. It should go down with Lawson's Frenzied Finance articles as noted fiction under the guise of history. He takes as his pattern of morality, honesty and integrity, Governor Garvin and lauds him as the only upright man in the State. He tells us that "the best hope of Rhode Island, for example, should be in the leadership of the old manufacturing families and the best of this aristocratic class have voted for Governor Garvin." This wonderful aristocratic class that votes for Governor Garvin told the writer that "Aldrich did not represent them or their State." It is presumed that that class is represented by Lawyer Sullivan of Cranston, as much of the article is founded on statements of his. He takes up considerable space, quoting from his report on Block Island. Well, Sullivan did have considerable experience on Block Island, if we remember correctly. But when a writer of history draws his facts from such a source the general public will not put much faith in the alleged facts. The entire article is a highly colored libel on the people of the State, and especially on the rural population, all of whom he claims are for sale and at a low figure.

General Assembly.

The members of the General Assembly have had a quiet time this week. Absolutely nothing has been done beyond the confirmation of the Governor's appointments. Colonel George H. Webb of Providence takes the place of Henry E. Tiepke of Pawtucket as Industrial Commissioner. Henry W. Grinnell and Peleg D. Humphrey of Tiverton are appointed Police Commissioners for that town. Elbert H. Wilson of East Providence is reappointed to the State House Commission and Dr. John C. Champaign of Block Island is appointed Medical Examiner for that town. For Iron Commissioner the Governor has reappointed A. O'D. Taylor of this city.

The national debt of Russia is more largely held abroad than that of any other country. Expensed in American money the national debt of Russia amounts to about \$3,300,000,000. Of this amount no less than \$2,500,000,000 is owned by foreign investors. France owns about \$1,600,000,000, Germany \$500,000,000, the rest being scattered throughout the European markets, with a trifle of about \$20,000,000 in the United States. Even should a revolution occur which would result in overthrowing the Russian government, the general belief is that Russia would make no effort to repudiate its national debt.

J. Hopkinson Smith of New York, author and artist, who is stopping at the Touraine, says: "Spring will end the war with a glorious victory for Japan. Russia is now a third-class nation and will continue so for generations. In an effort to stave off the inevitable Russia is now trying to force China into the fracas. Graft was the basis of the Russian cause. It is doomed to the fate which corruption merits."

It is said that the Wickford Worsted Mill at Wickford, R. I., will be closed permanently in a couple of weeks and the business of the little village will be seriously affected thereby. It is possible that the mill may be opened at some time in the future by some other owner but the people of Wickford are quite disheartened by the prospect of its closing.

A decision of considerable importance will be issued by the Secretary of the Navy. There has been a long controversy over the use of the title of admiral and rear admiral by the heads of bureaus. Hereafter the titles will be used only by line officers who go to sea and exercise command.

According to the provisions of the River and Harbor Bill which will be reported to the National House this week Block Island gets \$50,000, Point Judith \$100,000 and Providence and other parts of the State enough to make up a total of \$275,000.

The new Oriental liner, recently built at New London, left Seattle this week with twenty-six thousand tons of freight for Manila and other far Eastern ports. This is said to be the largest load of freight ever carried by any ship.

Two small schooners went ashore at Block Island during the recent storm. The crews reached the shore in safety.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1905 by W. T. Foster.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 28, 1905.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance across the continent Jan. 28 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 29 to Feb. 1. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast Jan. 30, cross west of Rockies by close of 31, great central valleys Feb. 1 to 3, eastern states 4. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 30, great central valleys Feb. 1, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6.
Nothing of especial interest connected with this disturbance. The storms will be of a little greater force than usual but not particularly noticeable, the general trend of temperature will be sharply upward and the cool wave that will close the above disturbance will not bring very low temperatures. Rainfall will be deficient.
Second disturbance of February will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 3, cross west of Rockies by close of 5, great central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 4, great central valleys 6, eastern states 8.

This will be an important disturbance from start to finish. The weather features accompanying it will be of more than usual intensity on the Pacific coast and continue with great energy until the storm shall have passed out into the Pacific ocean. The storm will move five or six hundred miles a day. The cold wave following will not go to great extremes. An offset of this disturbance will go into Texas about Feb. 8 or 9 while the main disturbance will keep to the northward. Rainfall will increase over the past week.
February will average colder than usual in and east of the great central valleys, warmer than usual west of the Rockies. Rainfall of February will be deficient in Texas, lower Mississippi, upper Missouri and Ohio valley, all of the eastern states and eastern Canada; about normal in Manitoba and western Canada, west of Rockies, the upper great lakes, upper Mississippi valley and state of Illinois.

Weather in southern states will be favorable to preparing soil for putting in seed for crops but rice and true farmers may begin to fear that rainfall will be deficient.
I have heretofore claimed that my forecasts were good two times out of three. I feel justified now in claiming that they are good three times out of four. I had a severe reversal about August 11, and have just experienced another covering the week 10 to 17 of January. While I very much regret these two errors my readers should remember that they are the only serious errors that have occurred in twenty weeks. One other error occurred but not so serious and that leaves me seven weeks of fairly good forecasts to three weeks of failure.

Washington Matters.

President wants to Strengthen the Foreign Trade—Need for Change in Our Consular Department—War over the Canteen—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1905.
The message of President Roosevelt to Congress, suggesting means to promote foreign trade is in line with his well-known views regarding the consular service. The next four years will doubtless witness such a strengthening and bracing up in this service as has never before been known. The consular service of the United States is one of the weakest, if not the very weakest, branches of our civil service. The officials who have been sent abroad to represent us in a commercial and semi-diplomatic capacity are perhaps the worst percent by any government for that purpose. A majority of them have no known way how to speak the language of the country to which they were accredited. A consul sent to Cadix, Spain, a few years ago, was not in the habit of wearing a collar in this country and considered it effeminate and un-American to wear one. He chewed tobacco incessantly and was one of the most slovenly sloshod men of his class. Doubtless there is much truth in Burns' lines that a "man's a man for a' that" but was not the man that was under consideration, it was the consul—the person who represented us in an alien country among people who had been educated for ages to consider dress, bearing and the graces the end and aim of life and who measured and judged our country by our representative. This consul to the old and aristocratic port of Cadix was doubtless an extreme type, but we have many consuls abroad who are better only in degree. They have been appointed without regard to fitness—but on account of kinship or because of some political service rendered. They have never traveled and it is rare that they know the language of the country to which they are sent. When it is considered that these consuls of ours, have to compete with the debonair educated and polyglot consuls that England and Germany send abroad we have before us the reason why those countries take trade away from us in South America, Mexico, China and other lands.
The President in his message recommends that six commercial attaches shall be sent to various foreign localities to promote trade. Each one is to receive a salary of \$5,000 a year exclusive of traveling expenses, and it is estimated that the total expense of maintenance will be annually \$50,000.
There is promise of important and far-reaching improvement in the strengthening of our whole foreign service in the interest of trade and the gradual development of our foreign trade exports. For many years agriculture in the United States has provided, through the demand from abroad for our surplus crops and more home market, great as it is, and are now looking more and more for foreign markets.
We do not pay our foreign ambassadors or ministers abroad as much as other countries, or as much as ministers from these countries accredited to the United States, but recent administrations have been taking advantage of the fact that these places are eagerly desired by rich men and Presidents Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt have all favored the policy of giving our multi-millionaires a chance to die poor by appointing them ambassadors.
Mr. Whiteclaw Reid has been in Washington for ten days, entertained by Capt. Cowles whose wife is a sister of President Roosevelt. Capt. Cowles was formerly an attaché of the American embassy in London. Mr. Reid, it is well known, is to be appointed an ambassador to England. He was formerly ambassador to France. He has already secured Brooke House, Park Lane, London, as a residence. The property is a splendid one and owned by Lord Falmouth. It is the same house which Mr. Reid occupied for a month when he was accredited as special American envoy at the coronation of King Edward.

There is a merry war going on in Washington between the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the W. M. A. and Navy League. Both organizations are advocating temperance, the former as opposed to the army canteen and the latter urging its reinstatement. The women of the Army and Navy League insist that the canteen is in the interest of sobriety, good morals, decency and health; that it furnishes an assembling point in camp or in barracks and prevents enlisted men wandering outside, dissipating and drinking themselves into the gutter, and indulging in the worst types of debauchery. The argument of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is well known and is mainly to the effect that the Government must have no canteen as a saloon keeper, or hand out any snipe or form the vile hell-broth—whether it is beer, whiskey, brandy, wine or cider.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals
C. H. Wrightington sold for Wm. A. Armstrong to Joseph V. Silva, a lot of land 40x70 on the east side of Hall avenue.
A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years the house at the corner of Cottage street and Redwood street, belonging to Prof. J. Hazard Wilson to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Carson.
A. O'D. Taylor has rented the house, No. 4 Park street, off Broadway, belonging to Mrs. Teresa Dillon to Mrs. Mary E. Buttrick.
A. O'D. Taylor has sold the Brown Stone Villa, built originally by Mr. Meyer on Washington street, with 62-229 square feet, forming a square, bounded by Washington, Pine, Second and Cherry streets. Taxed valuation is \$21,200. The purchaser is said to be a man of wealth and fond of yachting.
A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Miss Mary Clarke her house and 9,442 square feet of land on Morton avenue, formerly known as Brewster avenue, fronting the old polo lot, to Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes Weaver, wife of Alva P. Weaver.
Wm. E. Brightington has rented for A. Boardman of Taunton, Mass., his unfurnished cottage, in Tiverton, to George Davis.

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Middletown.

Owing to the severity of the storm, the Epworth League meeting to have been held at Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Barker's, Wednesday evening, was not held.

Mr. Alvin P. Smith has been confined to his home on Valley Road, by illness. His sister, Miss Lillian Smith, came down sick while visiting relatives in Newport, as also did her mother, Mrs. Sarah Smith, who went in to care for her daughter.

Mrs. Lydia B. Chase, who has been ill the past two weeks with an attack of the grip, is improving. Mrs. Thomas Ward has been with her the past week.

Miss E. Marion Perry of Providence, has been a recent guest of Miss Grace C. Ward.

It is not known whether an owl fell down or flew down the chimney of Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, but hearing a scratching in the unused summer kitchen stove in the room adjoining the house, members of the family lifted off the cover and discovered a good sized screech-owl in the body of the stove. He was an object of interest for some time and was finally set at liberty during the evening.

Mrs. R. Jason Grinnell and her sister Miss Eliza M. Peckham, returned this week from New York, where they have been visiting Mrs. Grinnell's son, Mr. Archibald Grinnell and family.

At the next regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union Feb. 3, Mrs. Alfred W. Chase of Newport, district delegate to the National W. C. T. U. held at Philadelphia in October, will be present and give an account of the meetings held at that time and of her trip in general.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Robert Grinnell and son are visiting relatives in Haverhill, N. H.

The milkmen experienced great difficulty in reaching Newport Wednesday and Thursday owing to the severity of the storm. The roads were very much filled with snow, the cold intense, and Thursday morning the snow was drifting constantly owing to the high winds. The trips were long and tedious.

The postponed Robert Burns celebration, which was to have been held on Wednesday evening, took place at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening. There was an interesting program and dancing was enjoyed to music by the Howard orchestra.

Mr. Henry D. Scott celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth at his home on Division street Tuesday evening. He was surrounded by his family, including children and grandchildren.

UNION MUST PAY \$2500

For Conspiracy Against Firm With Which It Had Trouble

Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 23.—The supreme court of Vermont has overruled all exceptions of the defendants in the suit of the P. R. Patch Manufacturing company of Rutland against the Machinists' union of Rutland. This sustains the verdict of the lower court that the union must pay the company damages to the amount of \$2500 for conspiracy. The case has been bitterly fought for two years, the union fighting against the establishment of a precedent making such labor organizations financially responsible for acts committed in fighting employers.
Early in 1903 members of the Machinists' union of Rutland went on strike against the Lincoln Iron works of Rutland, which are located within the property of the Patch company. The usual methods of picketing, urging applicants for work to avoid the place, were followed, and the Patch company brought suit against the union on the ground of a conspiracy to prevent it from employing help and to injure its property. After an exciting trial in the Rutland county court judgment of \$2500 was awarded, which judgment has now been sustained.

To Investigate Cause of Deaths

New York, Jan. 27.—Ten steerage passengers died at sea on the steamer Vanderland, which arrived here from Antwerp on Jan. 24. The cause of death was given as congestion of the lungs and pneumonia and the vessel was passed at quarantine. Yesterday 700 steerage passengers were not permitted to land when the steamer came up to her dock and the Vanderland was sent back to quarantine. A rigid investigation into the cause of the deaths is to be conducted.

A Dismalizing Call

Denver, Jan. 27.—Unassigned handbills, calling a mass meeting at the capitol on March 2, the date set for a decision by the legislature of the Peabody and Adams contest for the governorship, are circulating throughout Colorado. "The deal is fixed," says the circular, "to unseat Governor Adams and seat Peabody. Will you permit the purchased politicians to veto the people's will?"

A Year's Immigration Figures

Boston, Jan. 24.—Frank Quinn, the statistician of the local Immigration office, reports that 78,340 persons were landed here during 1904, not including those coming from the maritime provinces. Of this number there were 7650 sailors passengers, 7250 second cabin passengers, while 63,440 came in the steerage.

Something Doing in Santo Domingo

Colon, Jan. 27.—The United States cruiser Dixie has received hurry orders to proceed to Santo Domingo and is now coaling. Two hundred marines were brought to Colon from Empire camp and embarked on board the Dixie, which sailed last night.

Ladrones on the Rampage

Manila, Jan. 25.—The town of San Francisco de Malabon, in the province of Cavite, was attacked by Ladrones last night. Contract Surgeon O'Neil was killed.

Thomas Maxwell, to a commercial, committed suicide at New Bedford, Mass., by cutting his throat. Despondency is given as the probable motive.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE PRIMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. 11-28-05

Portsmouth.

A pretty home wedding occurred Wednesday afternoon at the residence of George R. Hicks of Bristol Ferry, when his niece, Miss Minnie Alberts Green of Providence became the bride of Joseph Church, 24, son of Captain James R. Church of Tiverton. Promptly at 2:30 p. m., to the strains of the Loehengrin Bridal Chorus, played by Miss Marjorie Hicks, cousin of the bride, the bridal party took their places beneath a bower of green and white foliage and in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends the Rev. Thomas S. Sayer of the Central Baptist church, Tiverton, performed the marriage ceremony, using the ring service. The bridegroom was the groom's sister, Miss Lucy M. Church, who wore a dress of pink nun's veiling. The best man was Roland Manchester, uncle of the groom.

The bride was attired in a dress of crepe de chene over white silk, with tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The ceremony was concluded with Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss Hicks. Following the reception refreshments were served, after which the newly wedded couple left on their honeymoon trip midst a profusion of confetti. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Church, 24, were the recipients of a large number of beautiful wedding gifts.

Words will not make the wheels of a mill go round.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1905.		STANDARD TIME.		High water.	
Day	Week	Sun	Moon	High	Low
28 Sat	7	14 5 13	10 49	1 55	1 40
29 Sun	8	15 5 14	11 54	2 00	1 45
30 Mon	9	16 5 15	12 53	3 08	1 48
31 Tues	10	17 5 16	1 50	4 04	1 45
1 Wed	11	18 5 17	2 51	5 02	1 38
2 Thurs	12	19 5 18	3 40	5 54	1 34
3 Fri	13	20 5 19	4 24	6 40	1 27

MARINE MISHAPS

Steamer Georgetown Lands on Nantucket Island

SWEPT OVER THE SHOALS

Eleven Schooners and a Sloop Ashore Along New England Coast—Narrow Escapes From Death In Terrific Seas

Boston, Jan. 27.—All New England spent yesterday in shaking itself free from the grasp of Wednesday's blizzard, and reckoning the damage caused by the severest storm in six years.

On land the loss was comparatively slight, being confined to delays in rail road traffic, but along the coast the list of marine accidents showed one steamer, 11 schooners and a small sloop ashore between Block Island and Eastport. The list is as follows:

Steamer Georgetown, Portland for Newport News, on Great Point Rip Nantucket. Schooners Harwood Palmer, Boston for coal port, ashore on Yarmouth flats; Alice May Davenport Portland for Newport News, ashore at North Dennis, about a mile west of the Palmer; Monitor, fishing schooner ashore at Sandwich; Madge, fisherman ashore at Cotuit; Dora C., ashore on Half Moon shoal, Nantucket sound; Henry Whitney, ashore in Newport harbor; Nettie Rogers and small sloop ashore at Block Island; Nellie Eaton ashore in Provincetown harbor; Rodney Parker, ashore in Portland harbor; Maud Seward and James Rothwell ashore at Birch Island, Penobscot bay.

Most of these vessels can probably be floated, but the Georgetown is undoubtedly in a very bad place. Narrow escapes from death in the terrific seas that swept the coast were many and in a number of cases miraculous.

Steamer Georgetown, owing to her rudder getting out of order, became unmanageable in the very midst of the dreaded Nantucket shoals, but, riding on the crest of the highest tide in years, she cleared the treacherous sands where hundreds of vessels have been lost, and finally was driven high and dry on Nantucket Island. Her crew walked ashore dry shod yesterday but returned to the steamer last night and will keep up steam in the hope that their vessel may be floated.

On the other side of Cape Cod, it Barnstable bay, three schooners were ashore. Two of them, the Harwood Palmer and the Alice May Davenport are new vessels, the latter being on her maiden trip. Both were light and were driving up Barnstable bay, striking on soft bottom within two miles of each other.

Ten miles to the westward, also inside the bay, the Provincetown fishing schooner Monitor went onto Sagamore bar, and again providence was gracious for the wind hauled to the north and the waves subsided, although the crew spent a bitter night in the rigging. They also were enabled to walk ashore at low water.

The crew of the schooner Nellie Eaton, ashore in Provincetown harbor, refused assistance from the lifesavers yesterday, but last night they signalled for them and at 9 o'clock the Wood End station's boat went along side the vessel.

The other vessels ashore, with the exception of the Dora C., all rest in comparatively easy positions and in sheltered harbors. The exact position of the Dora C. is not known.

The Portland steamer North Star, which followed the Georgetown down the coast, was also overtaken by the storm off Cape Cod, but her steering gear stood the strain and her skipper wisely headed offshore until he had cleared the shoals. The North Star lay for many hours under the lee of Nantucket and made Vineyard Haven with her coal bunkers almost empty.

The protected cruiser Chattanooga sustained another severe buffeting and was blown nearly 100 miles off the coast, while on her way from Boston to Cape Ann to act as a stake boat for the speed trial of the armored cruiser Maryland.

The wireless station at South Wellfleet on Cape Cod received a message from the Chattanooga, then 50 miles east of Cape Ann, stating that she would put into Gloucester.

While the list of marine accidents has not been increased, it is believed that it is still incomplete and that the next few days may add materially to it.

Police Give Him Bail

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 26.—Harold C. Prouty was arrested here last night charged with passing a forged check on the Wolf tavern at Newburyport. The accused, who claims to be a Harvard graduate, is 23 years old. The local police say that Prouty is wanted at Boston, Andover, Springfield and Lowell.

Canadian Liberals Routed

Toronto, Jan. 26.—The Liberal government of Premier Ross was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, the vote giving the Conservatives a majority of 40 seats. Ross retained his seat by only 30 votes, while five of his ministers were defeated. All of the cities except Ottawa went Conservative.

A Three-Cent Fare Experiment

Cleveland, Jan. 24.—The Cleveland Electric Railway company has inaugurated a 3-cent fare within a zone limited to two miles from the business center. The matter is a test and many street railway men from other cities are here to watch the results.

Navy Costs \$77,000,000 a Year

Washington, Jan. 27.—Secretary Morton has submitted to the house naval committee a memorandum showing that the annual appropriation for the up-keep of the navy when all the ships now building or authorized shall have been completed will approximate \$77,000,000.

FIGHT AT HUN RIVER

Conflict Raging on Snow-Clad Plains In Zero Weather

General Kuroki's Headquarters, Jan. 21.—A heavy and continuous artillery roar was heard to the westward all day yesterday. Apparently the largest engagement since October is being fought.

Reports received here are to the effect that a Russian force has crossed the Hun river on the Japanese left wing. A Japanese force advanced against the Russians, making an attack.

The fighting must be attended with great suffering from the cold. A snowstorm began on Monday, following a long period of remarkable mildness. The temperature is below zero and the plains are covered with several inches of snow. The ground is too hard for rapid trenching.

Yesterday's move by the Russians is the first important one since General Mischchenko's recent raid.

Kuropatkin Is Handcapped

London, Jan. 27.—The Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent asserts that General Kuropatkin has telegraphed to the emperor that his offensive power is seriously hampered by the obstinate reluctance of his troops from the European provinces to advance against the enemy. While the Cossacks and Siberians are full of dash, the Europeans argue that now that Port Arthur has surrendered there is no object in continuing the war.

Awful Weather in the Kondike

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 27.—The worst blizzard ever known in the Klondike raged Thursday, Friday and Saturday, according to word just brought down by the steamer Dolphin, from Skagway. Not only was the weather bitterly cold, but the snowfall is unprecedented. All trails are impassable and the snow is drifted in many places to a depth of 20 feet. Miners and prospectors are said to be suffering untold hardships. There is fear that some men will die of cold and starvation.

Great Explosion of Dynamite

Pittsburg, Jan. 27.—An explosion of dynamite at the Shoenberger plant of the United States Steel corporation brought painful injuries to 40 persons, temporarily disabled 15 residences and broke at least 2500 windows. A few moments before the explosion an Italian was seen to enter a shed, where 300 pounds of dynamite was stored. The only remnant found of him were portions of his trousers, vest and shirt, hanging to telegraph wires in the vicinity.

The Tremblays Held Without Bail

Burlington, Vt., Jan. 26.—Louis and Dennis Tremblay, brothers, who were given a preliminary hearing before Judge Hawkins, charged with the murder of Louis Lamora at Winoski, will be arraigned before a special session of the grand jury in March. The hearing was abruptly ended when counsel for the Tremblays waived the privilege of further examination. The brothers were held without bail, pending further action in their case.

Weeding Out Gotham Police

New York, Jan. 27.—Charges are being prepared against Police Captain O'Connor, charging him with neglect of duty in failing to close alleged pool rooms and disorderly houses in the Mercer street station precinct. Six inspectors, 10 captains, 50 sergeants and a large number of patrolmen are to be examined as to their physical fitness to further perform police duty.

Sergeant on Witness Stand

New York, Jan. 27.—While on the witness stand testifying in behalf of his son, who is charged with murder, W. J. Furlong was stricken with heart disease and was removed to his home in a serious condition. Counsel for young Furlong, who is accused of killing his aunt to cover up evidence of robbery, contend that the boy is insane.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The members of the Yale football team elected Thomas L. Shevlin of Minneapolis captain of next year's team.

The New Hampshire senate passed an act to protect the waters of Stillwater pond, Salem, thus giving to Edward F. Searles of Methuen, Mass., the sole use of the pond for five years.

Captain Earle Bennett, aged 69, for 18 years a member of the Brockton Mass., police department, dropped dead from heart disease while on his way to police headquarters.

The William C. Loftus company, clothiers, Boston, made an assignment. The company was also petitioned into bankruptcy by several creditors.

The dedication of the new armory built at Burlington, Vt., by former Governor Woodbury for company M, Vermont National Guard, at a cost of \$15,000, was followed by a military ball.

Thomas C. Evans, the oldest advertising agent in point of continuous service in the country, and for 30 years located in Boston, died at Woolwich, Me., aged 71. He was a veteran of the Civil war.

By the provisions of the will of the late John C. Coombs, a Boston attorney, Bowdoin college, at Brunswick, Me., has the promise of a substantial bequest, probably aggregating \$100,000.

Postmaster Clark H. Barker of Portland, Me., died very suddenly at his home at the age of 65. He served over six years as postmaster.

Joseph M. Wade, a noted publisher of trade papers, and a writer and publisher of many tracts upon occultism, died at Boston, aged 72. He published at various times 15 journals and magazines, most of which he sold out at a profit.

Alfred Ganthier, 12, was drowned while playing upon thin ice at Marlboro, Mass.

Florida Orange Crop Safe

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 27.—The damage done by the cold wave appears to be confined to vegetables and the tender fruits, such as guavas, avocado pears and the like. Orange growers report that there has been no serious damage to the trees. The greater portion of the orange crop of this section has been withered.

TUCKER GUILTY

Murder In First Degree In the Killing of Mabel Page

THE PRISONER COLLAPSES

Requires Services of Physician After Passing Through Ordeal For Twenty Days With Apparent Unconcern

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 25.—Guilty of murder in the first degree was the verdict returned against Charles L. Tucker, who has been on trial since Jan. 1 for the death of Miss Mabel Page in her father's home in Weston, on March 31, 1904.

The announcement of the finding of the jury, which was made at 10:10 o'clock last night, was followed immediately by one of the most remarkable scenes that had been witnessed in a Massachusetts courtroom for many years. Tucker collapsed utterly in the prisoner's cage when the foreman uttered the fatal words, being completely overcome by a verdict which had apparently seemed to him to be an impossibility.

He was led from the courtroom across the street to the jail in an exhausted condition, and when he was once more locked in his cell, he broke down so utterly that a physician was sent for. Stimulants were administered and he revived somewhat.

The murder of Miss Mabel Page at Weston on March 31, 1904, for the alleged commission of which Charles L. Tucker was placed on trial, attracted wide public attention and interest because of the unusual and mystifying circumstances with which the crime was surrounded.

The woman, who was 41 years of age, and who lived in a small country dwelling house in a rural district with her father, formerly a prosperous Boston merchant, and brother, as well as a maid, long in the family, was repeatedly stabbed with a knife, wounds being found in Miss Page's neck, breast and back.

Miss Page's body had been found by her father, Edward Page, lying upon the floor of her bedroom, upon his return from a visit about 2 o'clock of the afternoon of March 31. Nearly was a note, apparently in Miss Page's handwriting, saying that her brother, Harold, had been in town and that she was going to the hospital in Boston to see him. The fact that her brother had not in fact been in town and the probability that Miss Page had been falsely informed of her brother's return from the house added much to the mystery of the murder.

On the evening of March 31 Tucker was brought to the Newport police station and confined there. The officers upon the strength of the report that he had been seen within a half of a mile of the Page house, near the time of the murder. After the questioning Tucker was released, having satisfied the police as to his movements. About a week later, as a result of a further inquiry by the detectives, the lines of which had been suggested by Attorney General Parker, Tucker was formally charged with the crime. He was subsequently arraigned in the Waltham district court and was held without bail on the charge of murder for the Middlesex grand jury, by which body he was indicted.

The government's case against Tucker included the charge that a slip of paper containing the address "J. L. Morton, Charlestown, Mass.," found beside the body of Miss Page was in the handwriting of the defendant; that a stickpin found in his pocket had been stolen by him when he went to the Page home and killed Miss Page; that the broken pieces of blade found in his home were parts of the knife with which he had stabbed Miss Page and which he had first tried to change its appearance and to remove bloodstains and then broken into pieces in order to divert all suspicion. No direct evidence that Tucker committed the crime was offered by the government.

The answer of the defense was that Tucker did not have the opportunity to kill Miss Page and sought to establish by many witnesses that Tucker was seen at various points near the Charles river at the very time when the government alleged that Miss Page was killed. To this defense of alibi was added a contention that the so-called Page pin had been the property of Tucker for two years; that the knife found at his house had been used for hunting and that it had been broken by the accused after he had been first questioned, while he was in a state of frenzy and fear that the finding of the knife might again lead to suspicion.

Furthermore, the defense through handwriting experts contradicted the claim of the commonwealth experts that the "Morton" note had been written by Tucker and submitted that this "Morton" note was in fact written by Miss Page herself. The defendant explained the blood upon his clothing by saying that it had come from a finger cut which had been caused by his hunting knife slipping from his pocket. Throughout the trial nothing was offered in explanation of the note which Miss Page had written as to her brother's alleged illness.

Gave Tenants His Property

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 26.—Clark Ridley, who gained considerable notoriety last summer by giving away his property to various tenants, died here yesterday afternoon at the age of 80 years.

Long Contest Lost by Strikers

Pittsburg, Jan. 27.—After a struggle lasting eight months the strike at the Pittsburg steel foundry at Glassport has been declared off, and the men will return to work next Monday at the same terms offered last May, when the strike was inaugurated. The men quit because the mill was declared an open one.

WORKMEN YIELD

Backbone of Strike Is Broken at St Petersburg

NO SERIOUS COLLISIONS

Events at Moscow, Where Strike Is Steadily Spreading, Restricted to Minor Skirmishes—Whereabouts of Gapon, Leader of Strike Movement, Unknown

St. Petersburg, Jan. 27.—Although the strikes in Revil, Liban, Kieff, Odessa and a few smaller places are extending, the situation is nowhere acute. An increasing number of workmen are out in Moscow, but there is no general tie-up or disorder there. The whereabouts of Father Gapon remains a mystery, although it is believed the priest is in Moscow.

The Russian capital presents almost a normal appearance and the authorities are confident that the backbone of the strike has been broken. Some factories and mills already have resumed and a general resumption of operations is expected on Monday. The authorities expect that the failure of the strike here will have a discouraging effect upon the workmen in other cities to which the troubles have been spreading and believe that there is no longer danger of a complete suspension of all the industrial concerns of Russia.

Minister of the Interior Slavotopolsky has promised a delegation of editors who called upon him that he will investigate the matter of the arrest of a number of prominent writers who are now confined in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress, and secure their release as soon as possible.

No Bloodshed at Moscow

Moscow, Jan. 27.—Although the strike in this city is steadily spreading, the movement thus far has not been accompanied by collisions of great gravity. Yesterday's events were restricted to minor skirmishes on the northern and eastern outskirts of the city, in which the troops successfully resisted all efforts of the crowds to break through the cordon. No bloodshed is reported. Both the authorities and the masters have shown admirable coolness in the face of the situation, the former avoiding provocation by studiously concealing the troops and the latter by displaying a readiness to meet the men's demands.

Temporary Failure of Revolt

London, Jan. 27.—Stories so fantastic as to be unworthy of repetition still continue to appear in the St. Petersburg dispatches to some of the London morning newspapers. All the more trustworthy journals, however, have begun to recognize that for the time being the revolt has failed.

Riga Strikers and Troops Fight

London, Jan. 27.—A dispatch to Reuters' Telegram company from Riga confirms the previous announcement of a collision there between strikers and troops. Thirty workmen were killed or wounded and a sub-chief of police and two soldiers were mortally wounded.

Quiet in Poland

Vienna, Jan. 27.—Dispatches from Warsaw say the situation there is quiet and that no Polish rising is imminent. The newspapers there only publish official reports of events in Russia, but the widest rumors are current regarding the situation in that country.

Kovno Factories Closed

Kovno, Jan. 27.—This town is calm. Some factories were reopened yesterday, but they were closed later. The street cars have stopped running. Troops are patrolling and bands of workmen are parading the streets, but there has been no disorder.

Report of Incendiarism

London, Jan. 27.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to a news agency reports that Pahl's factory and a large cotton mill have been set on fire and are burning fiercely.

Hooker Wants Investigation

Albany, Jan. 24.—Justice Hooker himself last night brought up to the assembly the question of an investigation of the accusations against him by sending a communication direct to the assembly, urging "as due to the public, my office and myself, that my conduct be made the subject of legislative inquiry." The communication was referred to the judiciary committee.

Marvelous Automobile Record

Ormond, Fla., Jan. 25.—During the automobile races here Arthur E. MacDonald, with his 30-horse power machine, heretofore untied, broke the five-mile world's record by covering the distance in 3:17 flat. The world's record for this distance was held by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and was 3:31 1-5, made in his 30-horse power machine.

Failure of Shoe Company

Keene, N. H., Jan. 26.—The C. R. Lancaster Shoe company has made a voluntary assignment and A. J. Foster and W. R. Porter have been appointed temporary receivers. The company, which employs several hundred hands, is said to be solvent.

College Football a "Felony"

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 26.—A bill absolutely prohibiting college football and making it a felony has been introduced in the Nebraska legislature.

Jackies Have Yellow Fever

Washington, Jan. 27.—Governor Davis of the Panama canal zone reports that as an emergency measure, on account of the yellow fever situation, he has taken full control of the sanitary work in Panama and Colon. Seven cases and one death on the U. S. S. Boston are reported.

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His First Attempt.

They were in a carriage going to a ball. He was just of age and was wearing his new dress suit. It was his first attempt at "doing things up in style." Never before had he worn a dress suit or taken a girl to a social function in a carriage. He had dressed in nervous haste, and yet he had tried his best to see that his raiment was absolutely faultless. As they were driven rapidly toward the ball they talked of the fine time they expected to have. Suddenly the girl stopped talking and gazed intently at the bottom of the hack. The youth noticed that she was apparently interested in something down there, and he asked: "Mary, what's the matter with you?"

"What makes you so quiet?" "John," she replied, "perhaps I shouldn't ask you such a question, but isn't there something wrong with your feet?" The young man looked down. He was still in his old carpet slippers, sockless.

Clarence—Your valet went on a strike, did he? Bless my soul! I hope you didn't accede to his demands.

Claude—Pon my life, I had to, old chap. The cunning coveats threatened to leave me one morning when I was half-dressed.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Flynn—My Molke swore off drinkin' a month ago today. Mr. Flynn—Shure an' that's nothin' in my old man has sworn off a dozen tomes in th' last three weeks.—Puck.

Johnnie's Discourse on Water.

Water is found most everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day till our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get out for dinner. Onions make your eyes water; and so does horse-radish, when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, well water, boiling water and brine. There is a girl in my school named Waterman.

All the boys say Waterman you are, and she gets mad. I don't think girls look good when they are mad. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean their ships couldn't float, and then they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to make dams in and to swim in, and to fire at boys with a squirt gun, and to catch flies in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood.—T. B. B.

His Constitution.

"Now, doctor," said the Czar, after the great specialist had been searched for concealed weapons. "I want you to tell me the truth without any quibbling or beating around the bush. What's the matter with me? I have a bad taste in my mouth most of the time. I see black spots before me in the air. I have a roaring in my ears. I wake up at night and toss about for hours. Every loud, sudden noise startles me. I have no appetite, and I feel most of the time as if things were all going to the bad. I'm cheerful so seldom that when my spirits do chirp up a bit it scares me—makes me afraid somebody's put arsenic in my vodka. Arsenic acts that way at first, doesn't it?"

"Yes, your majesty, arsenic is a tonic and will, if taken in proper quantities, give temporary relief from depression. You have ordered me to be perfectly frank. I will be so. In my opinion, your majesty, your constitution is——"

"Constitution!" screamed the monarch, running around in a circle and beginning to froth at the mouth. "Help! Oh, St. Michael and St. Vladimir, am I forever to be haunted by these infernal zemstvos!"—Chicago Record Herald.

Adulterated Food.

Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, deserves great credit for his relentless war on adulterated foods.

He recently declared in a lecture before the students of the college of the city of New York that the adulteration of foods and drugs had done more towards lowering the moral life in the United States than the use of alcoholic stimulants.

Among other examples of adulteration he stated that the product of a widely advertised Vermont sugar bush was made in Chicago, and that this Chicago plant turned out more so-called maple sugar in one month than Vermont could produce in a year. The bright-green color of imported peas, he said, was obtained by the use of sulphate of copper, which is very injurious to health. Dr. Wiley cited many similar cases, and appealed to the students to use all their power with the object of wiping out the practice of adulteration.

Two Passengers.

A negro hack driver in Washington was driving along the street when he encountered a funeral. A long line of coaches was behind the funeral, which was moving along at a lively rate. The negro was superstitious and did not want to cross between the carriages in the funeral procession. He tried to drive around in front of the hearse, but could not make sufficient speed. After driving alongside the hearse for two blocks the negro called out to the driver: "Say, boss, hold up an' let me go past. My passenger is in a hurry and yours isn't."

John Sharp Williams was trying to hold his own with some Republican Congressmen in a chaffing match over the election. The Mississippi man insisted that the Democratic party was still a factor. "Not a big one, maybe," he said, "but still there is something left. Reminds me of the young fellow from down our way who got the Texas fever and went West several years ago. He couldn't hold his own with the cowboys, and after a time he came home. Just how I can't say, but he managed to get on the outskirts of his home town. He sent a note to his father, saying: 'Dear father send me a suit of clothes, a shirt, and a pair of shoes. I have a hat.' Now, friends, the opposition took all except our headgear—our name—and we can cling to that."

Young Husband—Bertha, did you ask the grocer to show you some of those seedless beans I was telling? you about this morning?

Young Wife—Yes, and if you want your slippers warmed before you put them on you can warm them yourself, sir; I won't.—Chicago Tribune.

"Is this Miss De Muir?"

"Yes, sir. May be seated."

"Thank you, Miss De Muir, I am Mr. Hopperdodge. I wish to ask you what your intentions are in permitting my son to dance attendance upon you six evenings in the week?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Of course the novel isn't much, but the heroine is quite a remarkable young person."

"Indeed?"

"Oh! quite out of the ordinary. She doesn't once appear in a gown of some soft clinging material that accentuated rather than concealed," etc., etc.—Philadelphia Press.

"He says he proposes to make automobiles that will easily attain a speed of eighty miles an hour."

"When that's a great business undertaking."

"Yes, but most of all it means a great undertaking business."—Philadelphia Press.

Bearlie—things were awfully dull on Change today. Absolutely nothing doing in stocks. The buyers and sellers failed to get together.

Mrs. Bearlie—Why don't you mark some of the stock down and advertise a bargain sale?—Chicago News.

"Did you see anything in Italy that appealed to you particularly?"

"Yes; the beggars!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Russia's New Minister of the Interior.

Prince Mireky is a man of fine military bearing, a type of "the soldier in civil employ," as we say in India. He is only forty-seven and is thus still in the season of hope, in every way a contrast to the grim whiter of his tyrannical predecessor, Von Plehve. About middle height, he is of fair complexion and wears a pointed beard, cut in the style made fashionable by King Edward VII. He has rather melancholy, thoughtful eyes and his whole expression is one of gentleness and kindness, yet with much underlying strength. Perhaps the best recent testimony to his unspoiled nature comes from a subordinate employe whom he had known in early years, and who visited him shortly after his appointment as Minister of the Interior. "He is just as kind as he used to be," exclaimed the employe, coming out of the minister's cabinet, with a big round eye of wonder. This testimonial sympathy is the real motive power in his dealings with the Russian press, with the zemstvos, with the much-enduring Russian Jews, as it was the secret of his success while he was governor-general of White Russia, on the frontier of Poland, with its many national and religious wounds so easily irritated, yet so easily soothed. He seems endowed with a rarely happy disposition, in face of grave and serious difficulties.—Charles Johnston in Harper's Weekly.

Ready Wit of a Woman.

Lady Randolph Churchill (nee Jennie Jerome, of New York) was electioneering in England at one time in behalf of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, also of American birth. One bold elector whom she was trying to secure hinted that if the ladies would imitate the famous Dutchess of Devonshire they would have no difficulty in securing votes. The Dutchess, in one memorable canvass, gave a kiss for each doubtful vote. Lady Churchill considered for a moment and then said demurely: "Thank you so much. I'll suggest that idea to Lady Burdett-Coutts."

The elector laughed, remembering that Lady Burdett-Coutts is over 88 years old.

Man's Great Fault.

Apropos of fancy dress balls, why is it that men, taken together, usually look more handsome than in everyday dress? Perhaps fancy costumes suit them better, but there is yet another reason. A fancy dress ball is a man often sports a beard or mustache in keeping with the character he assumes. In everyday life most men sport a mustache, no matter what shaped face they possess.—Swiss Times.

A land of mystery and magic, the Everglades of Florida are almost a little known to-day as when the early navigators first charted the contour of the Cape of the End of April. Announcement of the February Century includes an account of "The Everglades of Florida" by Edwin A. Dix and John Nowry MacGougle, when the editors of the Century believe will give a wider range of information on the theme than has ever before been presented in a single publication. The illustrations, from photographs taken by the authors, some of them returned by Harry Penn from material secured by the New York Botanical Garden and from other sources, should be of unusual interest.

The rich man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he wearily, "about writing my property."

"The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me."

"The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow; "you'll get it anyway."—Judge.

Mrs. Boardman—What did those pies taste like which we had for dinner?

Mr. Boardman—Sawdust.

"Exactly! That accounts for it! I heard the boarding-house woman tell her husband to order some kindling wood, as she wanted to make some pies for dinner?"—Youkers Statesman.

Teacher (in spelling class)—Johnny spell "fail."

Johnny—I can't.

Teacher—You can't spell that simple word? Why not?

Johnny—"Cause you told me there was no such word as fail."—New York-er.

Homer (to cabman)—Say, I want you to drive down to the depot at noon and call for my mother-in-law. Take her up to the house, and I'll give you \$1.

Cabman—Very well, sir. But suppose she doesn't come?

Homer—O, then I'll give you \$2.—Chicago News.

Deacon Good—Don't you think it cruel for you to draw a fish out of his native element by a sharp iron hook?

Fisherboy—It's no fault of mine. When I'm just giving a worm a salt-water bath what does a fish want to hook himself onto my line for? It's no business of his.—Boston Transcript.

The Elder—"Aye, sir, yer weel met, I just want tae discuss, t'ibish free Kirk business wi' ye."

The Minister—"Aye, Tammas, but I think we'll better wait until yer soher."

The Elder—"Sober! Na, na, sir. I dinna gie a darn for theology when I'm sober."—London Bystander.

"Bah Jove!" drawled the dude boarder. "I certainly do admire the Newport set."

"Excuse me," said the buffoon boarder, "but before going further, would you please state whether you mean people, hens, or teeth?"—Chicago News.

Fannie—"And what did you say when he said you were the first girl he ever proposed to?"

Blanche—"I told him he was the first man that ever proposed to me. And, do you know, I don't think he felt a bit flattered. Funny isn't it?"—Boston Transcript.

"I made an awful fauxpas last night," said Mrs. Oldenast.

"Did you?" replied her hostess. "I've been waiting to take one for a long time, but I ain't been able to get a pattern. Whose did you have?"—Chicago Record Herald.

"I tell you money is power, old man."

"You'd think it was a weakling if you'd see my wife yanking it out of my pocket."—Philadelphia Caricature.

A Scientific Diagnosis.

"What is your diagnosis?" asks the older physician of his young confrere who is earnest, but inexperienced, and who has been called in consultation.

"Well," says the younger medico, "there doesn't seem to be much the matter. The patient has a slight fever and some little tightness of the chest. I should say there was nothing more than a cold bothering him."

"My boy," said the older man kindly, "you have gone about it wrong. Note these symptoms: A white marble stairway in the entrance hall, gold furniture in the parlor, cut-glass and silver chalice in the dining room, two automobiles in the side yard, a solid mahogany——"

"But what has that to do with the sickness of Mr. Gamper?"

"It has lots to do with it. The man has congestion of the brain account, and the proper move for us to make is to relieve that as much as possible."—Judge.

In the February Century.

Developments in the East give added interest to two articles announced for the February Century, "Korea and the Korean Emperor," by W. F. Sands, and "The Conflict in Finland," by David Bell Macgowan. W. F. Sands writes of what he knows, for he was formerly adviser to the Imperial household of Korea. His article will be illustrated by a portrait of the Emperor of Korea from the painting from life by Hubert Vos. David Bell Macgowan will be remembered for his interesting treatment, in recent issues of the Century, of "A Russian Lourdes" and "The Cossacks." His account of present-day conditions in Finland will be illustrated by a number of portraits of the chief actors.

Fish Skins for Clothing.

The government fish commission has been making investigations about the suitability of fish skins for clothing. It has been found that salmon skins make excellent leather and have been used for boots by the Eskimo for this purpose for years. These northern people also use tanned codfish for coats and waterproof garments. The fish commission has also found that whale skin makes beautiful leather and takes color well.

Not long ago a wealthy Irish contractor died leaving his wife a good-sized fortune in real estate and bonds. Both had come to this country many years ago, and he had begun work as a day laborer. Gradually by saving and good sense he came to own a car, and in the course of time blossomed out as a politician. He made money fast, but as he ascended the social ladder his wife turned away from her former friends as not fit companions for her increased importance. This was fully demonstrated when he died.

The room in which the coffin lay was filled with flowers and mourners, but Mrs. S. did not appear for some time. When she did enter she was heavily veiled. She looked neither to left nor right, but walked straight to the casket. A large floral arrangement stood prominently out among the other pieces. As the widow saw it, with flashing eyes on the company, demanded with as much hauteur as she could summon: "Who'd the devil set that peck?"—N. Y. Times.

P. D. Armour, the first, never bothered himself over the selection of Christmas presents for men in his employ. His invariable expression of good will was a suit of clothes, and some of his men had new suits every Christmas. One year he asked all the men in the office of one branch of his business to order suits and send the bills to him. Most of them contented themselves with good business clothes, but one young man decided to adorn himself suitably at Mr. Armour's expense. He ordered himself a frock coat, waistcoat and trousers that set his employer back near one hundred dollars. Mr. Armour paid the bill and then he sent for the brash Solomon in all his glory.

"I have decided to dispense with your services," he said. "You have evidently misjudged me. I should think you would have known that I've been in the packing business too long not to know a hog when I see one."

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded attorney who was doing a cross-examining stunt.

"No, sir," replied the witness. "I am a bachelor."

"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now kindly tell the court how long you have been a bachelor and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one."—Chicago News.

"Here," said Mrs. Bickers, who had been reading the paper, "is an account of a man who chopped his wife up and fed her to the chickens. Wasn't that perfectly dreadful?"

"I should say it was," replied Bickere. "I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."—Smart Set.

She—Miss Flippant wears fearfully heavy earrings, doesn't she?

He—Yes, she had to—for ballast.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Rollo—Papa, what is a villa?

Mr. Outaway—A villa, my son, is a house that is said to by a villain."—Harper's Bazar.

About the only really wise man in the world is the "by-stander."

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills she cannot be, for they make her feel like another person, at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too. Carter's Iron Pills quinine the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest.

Life without love would be without triumph.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic, cleanses and soothes the nostrils, and relieves the whole system of the evil which it diffuses itself. A remedy for nasal Catarrh which is drying or exciting to the delicate membrane should not be used. Cream Balm is recognized as a specific. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. A coin in the head immediately disappears when Cream Balm is used. Ely Brothers, 54 Warren Street, New York.

Next to cash a man's best asset is confidence.

You once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness and constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, mild and easy to take. Don't forget this.

You never know how little you can do until you try.

If you are three taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, you are taking a lot of old-fashioned griping pills. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Words will not make the wheels of a mill go round.

Women's Dep't.

Our Civilization Demands the Emancipation of Women.

Rev. Dr. Ramford of St. George's Church, New York, calls attention to the many reasons why women should receive the ballot. He says: "Whether we greet it with any of our hopes, one of the results of our civilization is that legislation is coming out of women's hands. Once upon a time legislation could only be done by protection of property. Now we legislate about our homes, sanitary questions, education, relations to labor and capital, etc., all moral questions that in the most intimate way affect the home as well as the outside interests of life, and questions on which woman is not only a judge, but decidedly the best judge. It is most unreasonable and unfair that in these questions where experience is vital, and all her tenderest interests are immediately affected, her influence should be confined to an indirect influence, and her vote, if recorded at all, only recorded through pressure on her husbands or her sons."

"Life has a way of outgrowing law in this world; and when it does, law must fit itself to life. We legislate on a hundred things our fathers never dreamed of legislating on."

"To-day the life of our women has grown wider, has led them up to this point where they come asking the suffrage, and neither common sense nor the interests of the nation will permit its being refused to them."

"Politics and political science must soon be seen as they are—a living and ennobling effort to carry into the life of mankind principles of highest morality, and so to raise and keep aloft men's lives, as well as to defend men's pockets."

"In bringing about this better view and better day, I am very sure the morality and idealism of American womanhood must find its place. And so, for my part, I have done and will do what in me lies to win for the womanhood of our nation a voice in its fateful councils."

The Position of American Woman

by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.

All women—no matter how well born, how well educated, how intelligent, how rich, how serviceable to the state—are the political inferiors of all men, no matter how base born, how poverty stricken, how ignorant, how vicious, how brutal. The pauper in the almshouse may vote; the lady who devotes herself to getting that almshouse made unhabitable may not. The tramp who begs cold vittals in the kitchen may vote; the heiress who feeds him and endows a university may not. Communities are agitated and legislatures convulsed to devise means to secure the right of suffrage to the illiterate voter. And the writers, journalists, physicians, teachers, the wives and daughters, and companions of the best educated men in the state are left in silence, blotted out, swamped, obliterated behind this cloud of besotted ignorance. Today the immigrants pouring in through the open gates of our seaport towns, the Indian when settled in servitude, the negro hardly emancipated from the degradation of 200 years of slavery, may all share in the sovereignty of the state. The white woman—the American woman—the woman in whose veins runs the blood of those heroic colonists who founded our country, of those women who helped to sustain the courage of their husbands in the Revolution; the woman who may have given the flower of her youth and health in the service of our Civil War, this woman is excluded. To day women constitute the only class of sane people excluded from the franchise the only class deprived of political representation, except the trial Indians and the Chinese.

Public School Training for Citizenship.

Edwin G. Cooley, superintendent of the public schools in Chicago, proposes to organize the pupils into a miniature republic and teach them by actual experience their duties as citizens. The national representatives will be elected from the grammar schools, and the national senators from the high schools. State and city governments will be formed in the same way. The Australian ballot system will be used in elections and the machinery of the national government copied in every detail.

Young women not only will be allowed to vote but will be eligible to election as senators, congressmen and aldermen. In fact the little government will be founded upon the principles of co-education and equal suffrage.

If this plan is carried out, it will supply the missing element in our public school work. Education given by the state should fit the child to take his place in the state as a citizen and to perform the duties of citizenship. The growing corruption of politics shows that so far our public schools have failed in the most important particulars.

Think what it would be to have Prof. Cooley's idea carried out in all our public schools. Think of the uplift politics would receive if every graduate from the grammar school and the high school understood the sacredness of the ballot, and the necessity of using it for the public good. The boys accustomed to seeing girls voting and holding office in the public state would not be likely to develop into men opposed to equal rights. The girl accustomed to think of herself as a citizen would never develop into a remonstrant, nor would she placidly accept the legal conditions that class her with idiots, lunatics, criminals and minors. One can hardly over-estimate the good that would result from such training in citizenship and Prof. Cooley's experiment will be watched with interest, especially by those who believe that women are citizens and that they should have the same political rights that men citizens have.—Lida Calvert Obermeyer.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all the troubles of teething, and is the only remedy that will cure the child without any harm to the system. It is a purely vegetable, mild and easy to take. Don't forget this.

You never know how little you can do until you try.

If you are three taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, you are taking a lot of old-fashioned griping pills. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Words will not make the wheels of a mill go round.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

During 1905

Beginning about January 1st, the New England Farmer, Brattleboro, Vt., will publish a series of "150 Special Contributions" on "The Chief Needs of New England Agriculture." These contributions are now being prepared by the 150 New England men most eminent in agricultural work and thought. Men who have themselves found the way to success and who are therefore competent to point the way for others. Their views and deductions will necessarily be varied and will cover every branch of this mighty industry, and furnish the knowledge which busy farmers need to put them into the way of success. In combination these contributions will make an unsurpassed course of practical instruction. They will be the condensed conclusions of the searchings of superior minds. They will show how to make certain a substantial increase of happiness and prosperity. Among the well known gentlemen who will write one or more articles for the series may be mentioned:

PROF. BEVERLY T. GALLOWAY,

Chief of Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

PROF. GIFFORD PINCHOFF, Chief of Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

HON. D. E. SALMON, Chief of Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington.

PROF. GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS, President the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. CHAS. D. WOODS, Director of Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. H. MUNSON, Professor of Horticulture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. D. HURD, Professor of Agriculture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

HON. JOHN ALFRED ROBERTS, Agricultural Experiment Station Council, Orono, Me.

PROF. W. D. GIBBS, President and Director of New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Durham, N. H.

PROF. IVAN C. WELD, New Hampshire College of Agriculture, Durham, N. H.

PROF. FRED W. MORSE, Vice-Director and Chemist New Hampshire College of Agriculture, Durham, N. H.

PROF. J. W. SANBORN, formerly President of the Agricultural College of Utah and Professor of Agriculture in the University of Missouri, Gilman, N. H.

PROF. WM. F. BROOKS, Professor of Agriculture at the Hatch Experiment Station and Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. J. B. LINDSEY, Ph. D., Department of Foods and Feeding, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. F. A. WAUGH, Department of Horticulture, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. G. E. SONE, Professor Department of Vegetable Pathology and Physiology, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. C. H. FERNALD, Ph. D., Professor of Zoology, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. JOSEPH C. HILLS, Director State Agricultural College and Agricultural Experiment Station, Burlington, Vt.

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PROF. FRED W. CARD, Professor of Agriculture, Rhode Island College of Agriculture, Kingston, R. I.

PROF. H. J. WHEELER, Ph. D., Director Agricultural Experiment Station, Kingston, R. I.

PROF. H. L. GRAVES, Director For-

est School, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

PROF. C. L. BEACH, Dairy Husbandman, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

PROF. A. G. GULLEY, Horticulturist, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

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PROF. H. HAYWARD, M. S., Agricultural Director Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.

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PROF. PHILIP W. AYRES, New Hampshire State Forester, Concord, N. H.

HON. FREDK. L. HOUGHTON, Secretary and Editor Holstein-Friesian Register and Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Brattleboro, Vt.

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HON. J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Boston, Mass.

HON. JOHN G. CLARK, Secretary Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture, Providence, R. I.

HON. T. C. ATKINSON, Overseer of National Grange, Morgantown, W. Va.

HON. O. S. WOOD, Master Connecticut State Grange, Ellington, Conn.

HON. RICHARD PATTEE, Master New Hampshire State Grange, Ashland, N. H.

REV. DR. GEO. F. PENTECOST, Northfield, Mass.

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Besides publishing these Special Contributions, The New England Farmer will maintain in all its departments that high standard of excellence which has made it "The Best Agricultural Paper in New England" for 83 years.

No matter how many other papers you may take, you should subscribe for The New England Farmer and read these contributions. Never before has anything of equal value been written on the subject and never again will you have an opportunity to gain the accumulated knowledge of 150 of New England's foremost men and agricultural specialists, for the price of a year's subscription to the New England Farmer.

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We have every confidence in the New England Farmer and the farmers of New England. Hence we make this most liberal offer to farm owners: If you will sign this coupon below and send it to us we will place your name on our mailing list and send you the New England Farmer. At the end of three months we will send you a bill for a year's subscription. If you like the paper and wish to continue reading it send us \$1.00. If you don't care for it longer, drop us a postal and it will be discontinued. We refer you to any bank or newspaper in New England and will do just as we agree.

THREE MONTH'S TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with the facts. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be put in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, c/o Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1901.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

(Continued)

That Thomas Hearse was husband to Priscilla is proven by his will found at Trenton State House in Liber A. p. 214. In full: I, Thomas Hearse of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, will my house and lands where I now live shall not be sold but left to the use of the poor of Shrewsbury, (N. J.), or for a school house, as the Justice of the Peace shall think fit and no other way, forever after decrease of my wife; To my loving wife Priscilla Hearse I will and bequeath all my estate both real and personal during her natural life, she may sole executrix, she to take counsel of Jennet Lippincott, Edward Wetherly; I appoint my loving friends Peter White and Jacob Dennis to be overseers of this my last will and with consent of my wife Priscilla and Jennet Lippincott and Elizabeth Wetherly to sell so much of my land and meadow as they in their discretion shall think fit, giving unto these two men aforesaid sufficient power to sell or make a sufficient title in the law so as ye money be returned to my wife for her use as Jennet Lippincott and Elizabeth Wetherly shall think fit for the maintaining of my wife; I appoint wife Priscilla and Jennet Lippincott and Elizabeth Wetherly, Executors, and Peter White and Jacob Dennis overseers, and the major part of them are empowered to sell all land and meadow down Little Silver Neck, also all my goods except so much for the particular disposing and use of my wife; To my loving friend Jennet Lippincott one spoon of silver and 20 shillings in money; To loving friend Elizabeth Wetherly 2 silver spoons and my great Bible; To Peter White and Jacob Dennis 8 pounds each; To the Monthly Meeting of the people called Quakers in Shrewsbury 5 pounds in silver money to be paid unto John Lippincott and George Corlies or any two the Monthly Meeting may appoint to receive the sum for the only proper use of said monthly meeting and no other; To Peter White's children one spoon apiece; my body to be interred in a certain place of land reserved out of the land I sold Adam Woolley, lying in the orchard and as near as may be to my daughter Mary deceased therein already interred; I will that my wife Priscilla after my decease get her will drawn and keep it by her; made Jan. 28, 1714; signed with his mark H. Witness: Remembrance Lippincott, Preserve Lippincott, William Jackson.

Still other evidence can be brought to bear on this Hearse and West marriage through Chambers, West, Brown and York intermarriages, as Bartholomew West's widow, Catherine (Alay), married (2) Nicholas Brown as given in April 23d, issue of Mercury, the sister-in-law of Robert West who married Frances Hearse.

1602; 29; 7; Nicholas Brown Senr. and Nicholas Brown Jr. (who in 1707 married Mary Chambers, sister of the John and Richard Chambers above said) attended the wedding of Abraham Brown (nephew to Nicholas Senr.) and Leah Clayton and signed their marriage certificate as witnesses. Mary Chambers signed as a witness marriage certificate in 1695 of James Adams to Ester Allen, and as Mary Chambers she signed in 1699 as witness to marriage of Joseph Parker to Elizabeth Lippincott, and in 1701 Nicholas Brown (Senr.) signed as a witness to marriage of Joseph Lippincott to Elizabeth White; and again in 1705 he signed as witness to Nicholas signing marriage certificate of Samuel Tilton to Catherine Allen; but on April 19, 1707, Nicholas Brown (Senr.) and Mary Chambers form deed of jointure in favor of intended wife, Mary Chambers, she born in Shrewsbury, N. J., 4; 5; 167 (born); her brother Richard next older than she was born in London, St. Martin's, and her brother John next older than Richard was born at Whitby, Yorkshire, Eng., all recorded in Shrewsbury, N. J.

Nicholas (2) Brown had son Thomas (3) Brown, b. 1628, married in Lynn, Mass., Mary (Newhall, Thomas) and went to Stonington with them; Thomas, John and Eleazar, before 1688, son Thomas (4) Brown, b. 1671; 1677; 1683; and their dau., Mary (5) Brown, b. May 25, 1683; and Thomas York, b. Oct. 14, 1676, who had Gabriel Williams, nephew of Priscilla Hearse, as an apprentice; Thomas son of James York and Deborah (Bell, dau. of Thomas and Ann).

John (1) Brown, brother to Thomas, married Elizabeth Minor, dau. of Ephraim and Hannah (Avery) Minor, son of Thomas Minor and Grace (Palmer). American Ancestry, Vol. 5, p. 54, gives children of Henry (1) Minor of Somerset Co. Eng., as Henry, Edward, Thomas and George. Of these Henry Minor married Henrietta Hicks, thus giving a Hicks relation with these Yorks, Browns and Minors.

Thomas Hearse, Lyle Woolley and Audria Webby sign as witnesses at marriage of Joseph Lippincott to Elizabeth White in 1701, the only time Thomas Hearse so signed any marriage certificate in Shrewsbury Friends Records.

Thomas West (18) and Elizabeth (Dungan, Thomas of Newport, R. I., William and Frances (Latham, who as the widow of Dungan married again Jeremiah Clarke, and it was their son, Walter Clarke who bought N. J. lands above said, and at the death of his father his mother married again William and she, Frances, died Sept. 1677, aged 67). Ch. of Thomas West and Elizabeth (Dungan) were:

59. Elder Thomas West and, Feb. 28, 1762, Elizabeth Gladding; and (2) Amey —, and with her united with

Sabbatarian Church of Newport, R. I.

Sept. 18, 1759.

59. James West md. Dec. 18, 1751, Susanna Pullman.

60. Francis West md. Feb. 17, 1757, Mary Lawton.

61. Timothy West md. Dec. 3, 1755, Content Lamphere, Timothy dying before 1767, buried near Myrtle, Conn., his widow married again, Feb. 28, 1767, Peleg Sisson, as his second wife.

Austin on p. 119, Genl. Dict. gives three generations of the Lamphere family, George of Westerly, R. I., Aug. 18, 1669 he bought land of John Clarke; George Lamphere was a Baptist, for Mel. 2, 1678, the record is he was baptized in the water at the mill and came out rejoicing, but his wife, name not given, was faint hearted and came back again unglorified. July 1701 he had 200 acres laid out. He had nine children, sons were Shadmeel, John, Seth, Theodosius, Richard, married and had large families.

Wheeler gives Timothy a first wife without date of name. She had Timothy, William b. about 1745 and Nancy Babcock; Timothy's next children were Ester md. Peleg Sisson, Jr., and Simeon who md. Nancy Thompson; then his widow by second husband Peleg Sisson Senr. had Joseph Sisson md. Lucy Chapman, Sanford Sisson md. Eliza Chapman, Barnabas Sisson md. Cynthia Lamphere. Her grandchildren can be found in Hist. Stonington p. 643, by Wheeler.

62. John West md. Dec. 29, 1705, Amey (Wilcox, dau. Hezekiah who md. Hannah Parker, Amey their first ch. of 12, son Eliza Wilcox b. July 9, 1706, son Ed. Wilcox and second wife Thomas Stevens, dau. Richd. of Taunton, Mass., son of Stephen Wilcox who md. 1657 Hannah Hazard dau. Thomas, a ship carpenter, of Boston and Portsmouth, R. I., and first wife Martha her other name not known, his second wife was also Martha, widow of Thomas Sheriff; she had no children, but her Hazard husband calls her "yoke fellow" in his will, giving her back 30 acres in Portsmouth, R. I., deeded him by her first husband Sheriff, later Shreve, for which Sheriff had paid Hazard 20 pounds.

On the death of Hazard his widow md. (3) Lewis Hues "who took occasion privately go away within 8 or 7 weeks after he married her, taking away great part of her estate that was hers by her former husband" see p. 1778. Austin, Genl. Dict.—Thomas Hazard and first wife had 4 ch. Hannah third child son of Edward Wilcox. John West and Amey (Wilcox) had 8 children, viz.

Henry West b. May 24, 1767; md. Hannah Saunders of Newport, R. I. Tobias (1) Saunders made Freeman of Newport 1655. He md. Mary Clarke, dau. of Joseph (4) b. 1618, son Thomas, John, John.

Hannah West b. Sept. 12, 1769. Eliza West b. Jan. 6, 1771; md. Lydia Lamphere.

Abigail West b. July 30, 1773, became Mrs. Crandell.

Thomas West b. Apr. 18, 1776. Esther West b. Jan. 26, 1780.

Peleg West b. Sept. 15, 1782; md. Mary Gavit.

Mary West, b. Feb. 4, 1787; md. Saml. Crumb.

Elizabeth (Dungan) West's mother was Elizabeth (Weaver, dau. Clement who md. Mary (Freeborn, William and Mary whose daughters Comfort and Mercy each married a Coggeshall as above given).

To be continued.

QUERIES.

5116. BISSELL, SHERMAN—"In the year of our Lord 1708—March 1, I moved from No. Kingston to Scituate and there lived till the year 1779—and thence moved 26 Feb., for Vermont, which is called Poundwell to brother Francis Balases. I arrived there March 10. I moved the 15 to the meeting house in Poundwell and from there I moved Apr. 19 to John Hinery's open house to live one year.

Then was married Jacob Sherman and Susanna Bissel both of No. Kingston—Dec 30, 1753.

Experience Sherman was born Thursday, Nov. 14, 1754.

John Sherman was born Sunday, Apr. 11, 1756.

Phoebe Sherman was born Friday, Mar. 17, 1758.

Phoebe Sherman died Saturday, Oct. 28, 1759.

Wm. Bissel was born Monday, Oct. 15, 1759.

Susanna Sherman was born Friday, Mar. 23, 1762.

Mary Sherman was born Saturday, Aug. 11, 1764.

Abigail Sherman was born Saturday, Mar. 12, 1768.

Eber Sherman was born Monday, Oct. 22, 1770.

Anna Sherman was born Friday, April 15, 1773.

Anna Sherman died Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1775.

Anna Sherman was born Sunday, June 10, 1776. She being named by her dying sister who loved her well.

Benj. Sherman was born Thursday, June 18, 1778.

Jacob Sherman was born Nov. 20, 1783.

Jacob Sherman died Aug. 17, 1811.

Eber Sherman died Sept. 1, 1801.

Experience Bates died Feb. 14, 1807.

All this I have done for you to look upon when I am dead and gone. Susanna Sherman her heart and pen.

Joshua Bates and Experience Sherman were married Thursday, Mar. 6, 1777, by Elder Caleb Nichols.

In 1779, there was married John Heriton and Susanna Sherman, Nov. 12, by Elder Caleb Nichols.

1810 Dec. 9, Stephen Young and Olive Burlingame were married.

Dec. 9, 1779 there was married Wm. Bissel Sherman and Sarah Gardner by Elder Benj. Gardner.

July 6, 1780 were married John Sherman and Amy Gardner by Elder Benj. Gardner.

In 1780, Nov. 18, were married William Card and Mary Sherman.

In 1787, there were married Francis Mattison and Abigail Sherman May 13.

Eber Sherman and Lusa Mulkins were married Aug. 7, 1792.

Anna Sherman and Frederick Youngs were married Jan. 4, 1795.

My brother William Bissel was killed on the shore at Guadalupe Feb. 6, 1759.

Year Mo Week Day 22? Evidently 50 5 2 1 12? 14 age.

The above notes are copied from an old note recently found. Can any one tell me who were parents of Wm. Bissel, born 1728, and Susanna, his sister born 1728 of No. Kingston?—W. B. B.

5117. GIBBS—John Gibbs of Bristol, and Newport, R. I., married 1st (1729) Sarah Jones, and 2nd, Sarah Gladding. Had he a son James? A James Gibbs named a son John Jones Gibbs, and a daughter Sarah Gibbs. Would be glad to establish the connection. This James Gibbs married 1st, (1764) Sarah Ingraham of Bristol, and 2d, Frances Ediza-

both Allen of Newport. Francis died in 1783. Did James die 1795? Any hint would be gladly received.—E. S.

5118. PHILLIPS—A Jonathan Phillips resided in Marblehead, Mass., with wife Hegziah. Did this Jonathan remove to Newport, R. I.? Or was it another Jonathan of Marblehead, who had wife Elizabeth?—W. J. P.

ANSWERS.

5081. ARIN—J. L. C. speaks of James Akin and wife Elizabeth, and later asks the maiden name of Sarah, which is right? A manuscript beginning of the Akin family was sent me from Dutchess County, N. Y., some years back; it follows down one line very perfectly, the Dartmouth and Dutchess Co. line. It says—

A Mary Akin a widow purchased land in Newport, R. I., in 1675 and lived there for a time with her three sons. This land was owned by a syndicate, among them Miles Standish who with several others from Plymouth purchased the land, of which a portion was afterwards purchased by John Akin. What other children she had is not known, but we are sure of three John, David and James. David died in Portsmouth, Feb. 10, 1655, aged seventeen years. James, born 1667, died Dec. 17, 1727, aged 60. Is this not the James you asked for?

John Akin, born in Scotland, was in this country in 1680, went to Dartmouth to live. (I have added very much to the record from Dartmouth Records and Taunton/Probate Records). John died in Dartmouth, Mass., June 13, 1746 aged 83. (Town Records say in 83 year). He married first in 1687, in Dartmouth, Hannah Briggs, daughter of Thomas Briggs (John's) and Mary (Fisher) Briggs, daughter of Edward and Judith (—) Briggs. Hannah Briggs was probably dead in 1717, for her father does not mention her in his will, but gives to son-in-law, John Akin. Thomas Briggs was first of Portsmouth, then of Dartmouth where he had an office 1683. Hannah Briggs was born in Portsmouth, R. I., May 1, 1676.

John Akin married 2nd in Dartmouth, Hannah Sherman, between 1708 and 1714, daughter of John Sherman (Philip) and Sarah (Spoon), Sherman. She was born July 1682, probably in Portsmouth, before her father removed to Dartmouth. In her father's will dated 1720, June 19, she is remembered. Her mother's parents were Wm. and Hannah (Pratt) Spooner. Most of the above I have added to the account, and have added to and corrected dates from Dartmouth Town records.

By first wife:—

David Akin born Sept. 19, 1689.

Judith Akin born Sept. 19, 1691. (T. R. give no Judith but give Susanna Jan. 1, 1691 d. y., probably twins.

Deborah Akin born 1692. (T. R. Dec. 30.)

Timothy Akin born 1695; (T. R. Jan. 1.)

Mary Akin born 1697. (T. R. Jan. 20.)

Hannah Akin born 1699. (T. R. March 12.)

Thomas Akin born 1702 (T. R. Feb. 20.)

Elizabeth Akin b. May 23, 1704. (T. R. May 20.)

James Akin b. 1706. (T. R. Aug. 1.)

Abigail Akin b. 1708. (T. R. say daughter b. born Oct. 1708.) (I think she was daughter of the first wife.)

By second wife.

Joseph Akin born 1714 (T. R. say died young but there was a son Joseph remembered in his father's will in 1746.)

Benjamin Akin b. 1714 (T. R. May 19, 1715.)

Elizabeth Akin b. (T. R. Dec. 5, 1716, another authority, Oct. 12, 1717.)

Eliza (3) Akin b. 1720. (T. H. Aug. 20.)

Before this the town records say, son or daughter of John Akin, now they begin of "John Akin and wife Hannah."

Susanna (3) Akin, Hannah Akin, twins born 1718. (T. R. Sept. 27, 1718.)

Akin Record gives Abigail last, with no date.

Taunton Probate Records, Vol. II, pages 82, 185, 186.

He made his will, April 2, 1743, proved Sept. 11, 1746. He gives to son David 50 sh. besides what he has already given.

He gives to son Thomas the same.

To my son James' land, &c. To son Ebenezer, land. To my two beloved sons, Eliza and Joseph Akin, all the rest of my homestead I have not otherwise disposed of. To my six sons, Timothy Akin, James Akin, Benjamin Akin, Ebenezer Akin, Eliza Akin and Joseph Akin, all my lands in Dartmouth not already disposed of. To my beloved daughter Susanna Hix, one bed and bedding. To my beloved daughter Abigail Akin, one bed and bedding.

To six beloved daughters Deborah Sherman, Mary Allen (some genealogists in Dutchess County claim Mary married an Alden), Hannah Howland, Judah Hix, Susanna Hix, and Abigail Akin, all my personal estate. To my four beloved granddaughters, Hannah Sherman, Amy Sherman, Rutham Sherman, and Elizabeth Sherman, all children of my daughter Elizabeth late of South Dartmouth dec. 23.

James Akin Executor, Witnessed by Henry Tucker, John Wing and Reston Sanford. Inventory £594. 18s. 6d. M. L. F. A.

(To be continued.)

Jamestown.

Monday afternoon the regular meeting of the town council and court of probate was held, Mr. C. E. Weeden being the only absentee.

In court of probate the inventory on the estate of Harriet N. Franklin was approved.

A knowledge was received from Edwin G. Knowles, guardian of William H. Knowles, for permission to sell 10 shares of the stock of the Aqueduct National Bank; referred to the February meeting.

A number of bills were ordered paid and some were referred to the next meeting.

Edwin G. Knowles' petition as guardian of William H. Knowles for remission of the personal property tax, assessed June 10, 1901, was referred to the tax assessors.

George W. Peckham was appointed a committee to purchase a pair of horses.

It was voted that the town clerk call a special town meeting February 4, 1905, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of taking into consideration the question of changing the date of the annual financial town meeting or the date of the election of town officers, in order to comply with the provisions of the secret ballot law.

Thomas Jeryn, employed at Easton's pond cutting ice, fell on the ice Tuesday, breaking a leg. He was removed to the Newport Hospital.

Just About Right.

Do you know of any more comfortable feeling than to get into a good big comfortable chair after a good hearty supper with pipe in one hand, good book in the other, a roaring fire before you and the wind howling outside—just such a night as tonight is going to be. Do you know just the chair to make you feel that the world was giving you about all it owed you?

A Morris Chair.

Its deep spring seat, its broad comfortable arms, its high shaped back that fits you all the way up and down and adjusts itself to whatever position suits your fancy best. This is the chair and—

There are over 20 patterns of them here, each one chock full of comfort. Perhaps the least expensive would be a little too plain to please your sense of beauty—good as the others though, and only \$5, cushions and all. That's the starting point—each step up in price of course gives you a little more to admire; for instance, this sort are great massive mahogany finished frames beautifully polished with finely carved heads and claw feet—couldn't be much more beautiful, eh! Think it over tonight, if you haven't one, see if it wouldn't pay you to possess such a haven of rest, then remember there are over 20 kinds here starting at

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

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FARMS IN MIDDLETOWN AND PORTSMOUTH.

We have customers who wish to rent farms of from two to fifty acres, either in Middletown or Portsmouth. We also have a good list of customers who will purchase places if they can be suited. Some with a home, others are looking for a good investment. If you have anything that you think will suit kindly inform us.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

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Eight for 25c.

Fifty for \$1.50.

SEABURY CO.'S

ANNUAL

Mark Down Sale of Boots and Shoes

BEGINS

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1st.

Great Bargains

—IN—

Men's, Women's & Children's Shoes.

Sheriff's Sale.

Savings Bank of Newport.

Incorporated 1839. Newport, R. I.

168th DIVIDEND.

The Trustees of this Institution have declared a semi-annual dividend on all deposits as follows: On all deposits of \$100 or less, and on all deposits for charitable purposes, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. On all deposits in excess of \$200, at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum. Payable on and after Saturday, January 27, 1901. G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 12, 1901.

Sledging Notice.

In compliance with the provisions of Section 10, of Chapter 12, of the City Ordinance, the following named streets are hereby designated as coasting places for

SINGLE SLEDS ONLY:

Sanford Street, North Baptist Street, Sherman Street, Mary Street, Prospect Street, Barney Street, Extension Street, Washington Square (north side).

DOUBLE SLEDS

may be used on Main Avenue, Everett Street, Catherine Street (east end of R. I. Ave.), Old Beach Road (east end of R. I. Ave.), South Road (east end of R. I. Ave.), Narragansett Avenue (west of Spring Street), but not elsewhere.

By order of

B. H. RICHARDS,

Chief of Police.

February 9th is the date set for the annual meeting and dinner of the Newport Brown University Alumni Association, to be held at Muenchinger & Sons, on Bellevue Avenue. President Fausch of Brown and several professors from the college will be guests on that occasion.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 2, 1901.

Estate of Chloe C. Perry.

HERBERT S. MILLIKIN, Administrator of the estate of Chloe C. Perry late of New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition in writing representing that at the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expense of her funeral and settling her estate according to law, that said decedent, at the time of her death, was seized and possessed of a certain tract of land situated in the central part of the Town of New Shoreham and containing about 1 1/2 of an acre, and bounded as follows, to-wit: easterly and southerly on the lot of the heirs of John T. Payson and westerly on the lot of the heirs of Aaron C. Perry. And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said tract as is absolutely needed, the residue of the tract would be so much land, as to render the sale of the whole tract more advantageous to those interested therein and praying that he may be authorized and empowered to sell the whole of said tract, at private sale for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges, and said petition is received and referred to the 6th day of February, A. D., 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Jan. 2, 1901.

Estate of Hannah I. Willis.

PETITION in writing is made by Anna D. Winslow, Administrator of the estate of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of said person and estate of Hannah I. Willis a person of full age, and represented to be of unsound mind, she being a resident of and having a legal settlement in said New Shoreham, and said petition is received and